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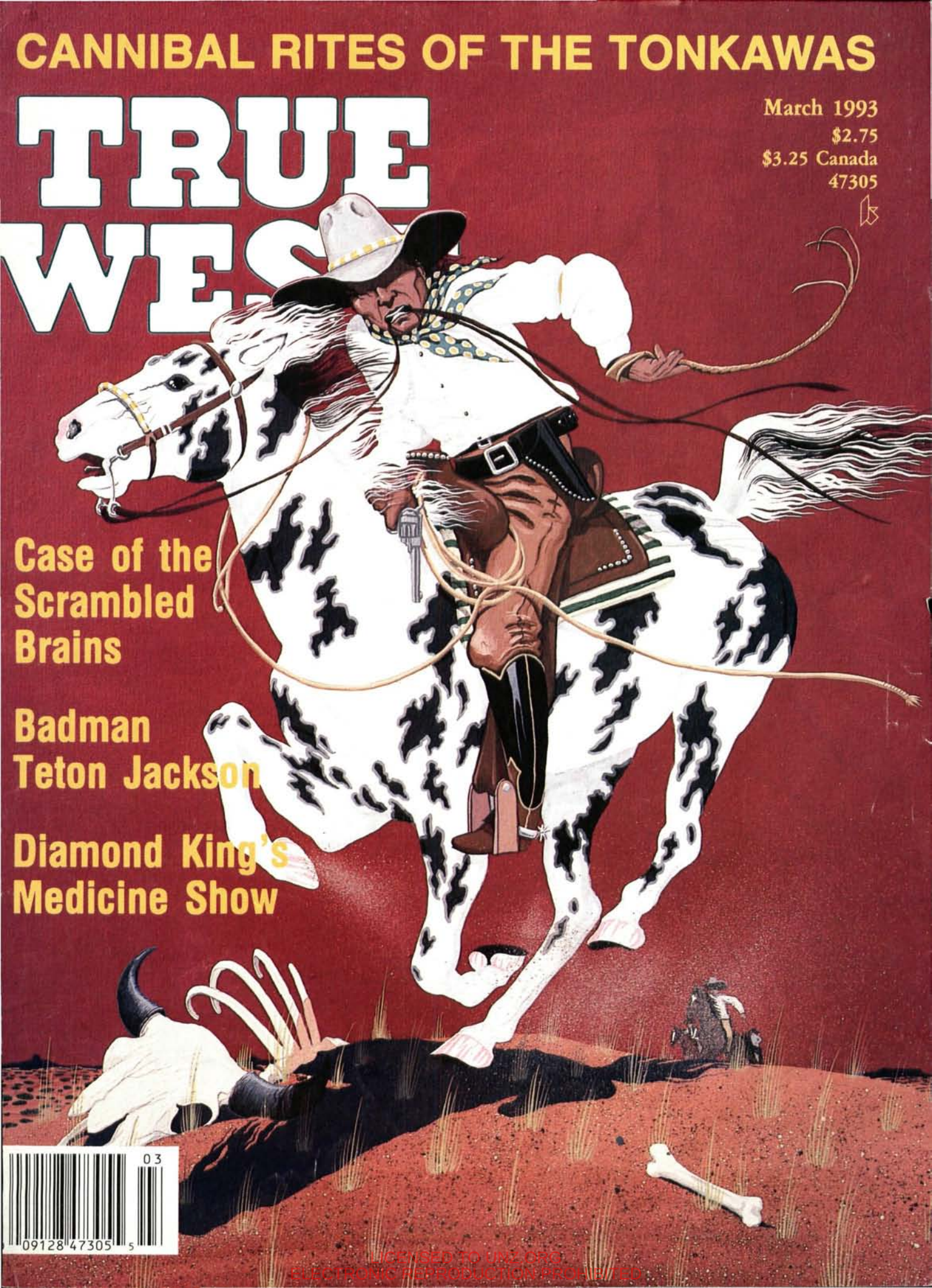

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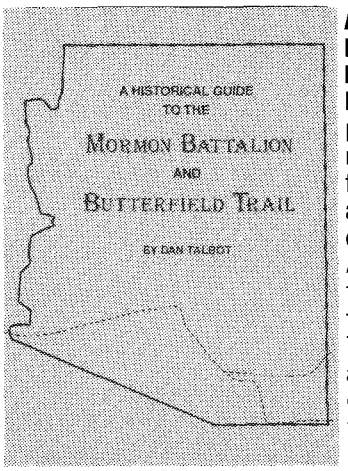

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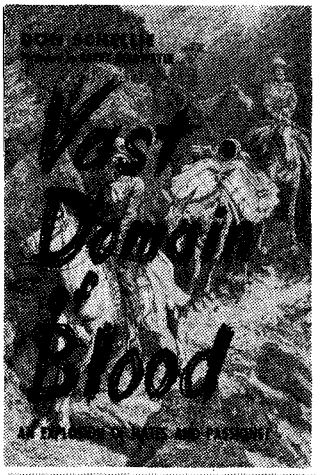

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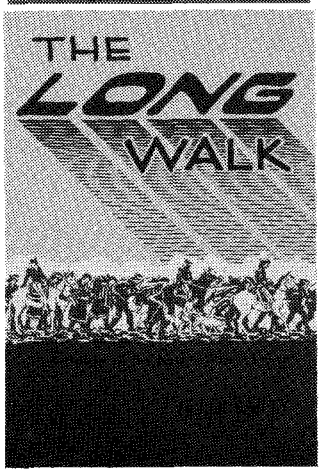

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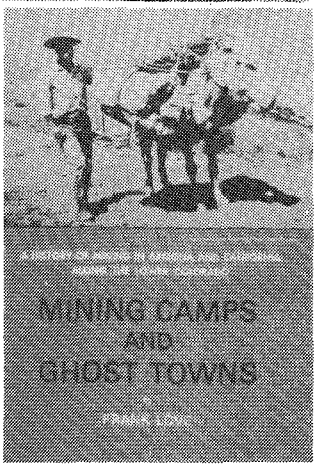

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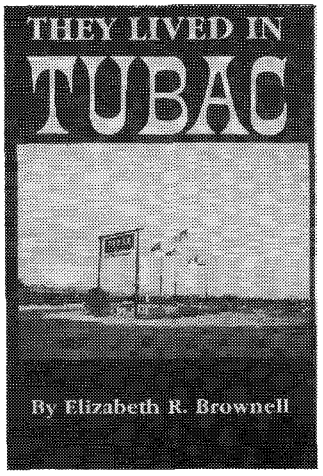

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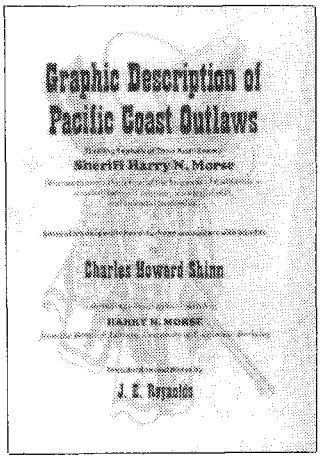

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TRUE WEST

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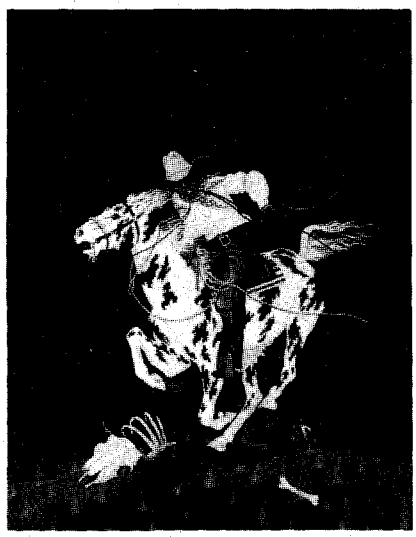

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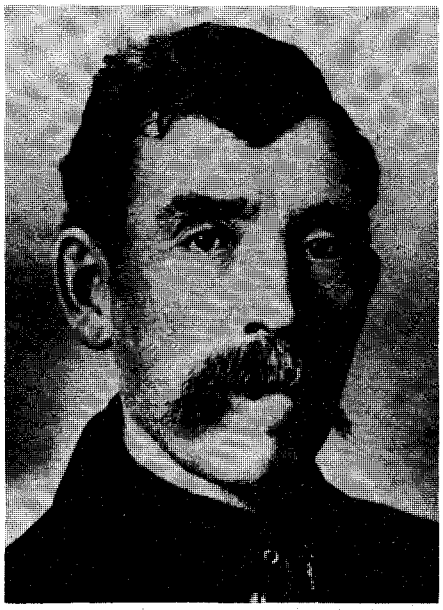

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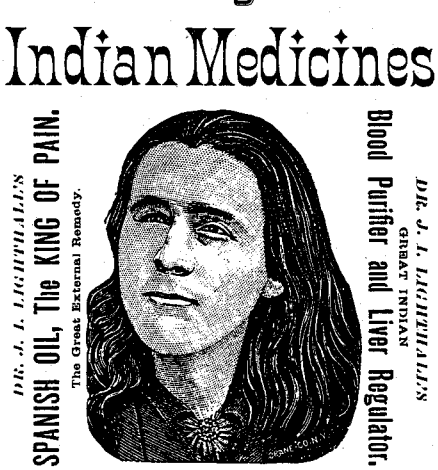

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From the Editor

Howdy, folks!

Five or six years ago a friendly feller with a crew cut and a raspy voice blew into our headquarters. His name was Jim Browning, he said, from South Carolina, long-time TRUE WEST reader and western history buff. He habitually jangled in his pants pocket what sounded like either the world's biggest key chain or about three thousand dollars worth of quarters and dimes. He was so full of pent-up energy that I feared if atmospheric conditions became just right he would spin out the building and down the street like an Oklahoma dust devil.

Jim was looking to replace some back issues of TRUE WEST missing from his collection. He was one of those truly generous western history readers who eagerly share their mags, and over the years, quite a few copies had gotten away from him. So he and I piled into my car and headed for the warehouse where the company stores its back issues. I was driving a microscopic Ford Fiesta at the time, and I was convinced that if Jim's dust-devil transmogrification occurred in the car he and it and I and cradle and all might whirl up into the sky and off into the Oklahoma sunset, where we would appear as a mysterious blip on the weatherman's radar screen. But Jim seemed a good-hearted sort, and though a mite serious, he had a twinkle in his eyes. If we did fly away, he'd probably be a good traveling companion.

At the warehouse we tunneled among the cartons of TRUE WEST piled to the ceiling, searching one box canyon after another for Jim's missing issues. As we came across this magazine or that, Jim would share some bit of trivia about it—what had become of the cover story's author or a mistakenly identified photo on page thirty-four or some such. He had an encyclopedic memory, and I didn't know whether to admire his prodigious intellect or resent that he knew more about the magazines than ye olde editor his ownself. He assembled a right high stack of magazines, however, and never flinched when I summed their cost with tag, title, and taxes, so I decided to admire his prodigious intellect.

On our way back to headquarters, Jim cradled the magazines like lost treasure found and got to tellin' me a bit about himself. It turned out I was right on both counts: he was a seasoned traveler of above average cranial capacity. A retired chemistry professor, he had for many years spent his summer breaks traveling the West, visiting historic sites and the graves of famous and infamous western folk. In fact, he had made a "little" typed, photocopied, comb-bound book called *Violence Was No Stranger*. It listed all the hundreds of grave sites he had located and gave a brief biography of the dearly departed. I could have a copy if I wanted.

Jim transferred his magazines from my car to his, a hunormous Mercury loaded with luggage, travel guides, books, and maybe a stagecoach and four-horse hitch as I recall. Off he went in a cloud of dust, leaving me to admire and wonder at my copy of *Violence Was No Stranger*, 150 single-spaced, 8½×11-inch pages containing some of the most useful information ever gathered in a single volume. Ever since, it has been at hand on my desk, where it has seen mighty heavy use.

Sometimes, though, it takes me a while to recognize a good idea. Last year I learned Jim also had put his chemistry teacher's disciplined intellect and harnessed energy to work on a bibliography of every blamed pulp western magazine ever published. Just by thumbing through a few pages I could track down all the articles that had been written on Wild Bill Hickok; I could see if Leon Metz ever wrote a story about Pat Garrett for *Golden West* magazine; I could even locate that long-lost yarn about Great-grandpa published two or three or thirty years ago.

I surely could use a good cloth bound copy of that bibliography, and so could every other western buff I ever met. Heck, we might even sell a few copies of it and *Violence Was No Stranger* as companion volumes. Thus was born *The Western Reader's Guide*, advertised on the back cover of this issue. *Violence Was No Stranger* will also be available this year. If you love western history or if you've ever been unable to find that article about your gun-toting Uncle Dick, you'll want both. I'm getting two of each—one for my desk and one for my truck. For with those two books, an unassuming chemistry teacher from South Carolina has made a lasting mark on western history.

John Joerschke

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Epilogue to Kicking Bird

I enjoyed immensely "Kicking Bird: Kiowa Martyr for Peace" (TRUE WEST, January 1993), Charles M. Robinson III's excellent and factual article about T'ené Angopte, or "Eagle Strking With Talons," the Kiowa leader the white men knew as "Kicking Bird." But I hope you will permit me to add a brief epilogue with a final irony.

When the Kiowa exiles arrived at their prison in Fort Marion, Florida, they learned of the abrupt and mysterious death of Kicking Bird. Maman-ti, the Kiowa Owl Prophet known as "Walks the Sky" who had "predicted" Kicking Bird's death, was filled with remorse. He believed he had done the unspeakable—he had wished death upon a Kiowa brother. So he promptly took to his bed . . . and died.—**Field Roebuck, PO Box 25024, Dallas, Texas 75225.**

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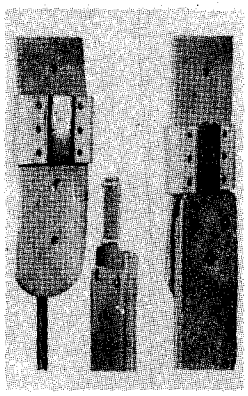

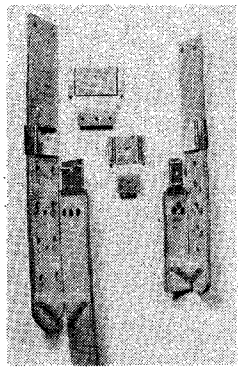

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Historic Town Square

I am writing regarding the "Jameses Remembered in Clay County" item which appeared in the "Western Roundup" column (TRUE WEST, October 1992). I am a resident of Liberty, Missouri, in Clay County, and I really enjoyed the story. But I found one error at the very end. The article states, "The museum is the only remaining antebellum building on Liberty's history square."

That is not so. Liberty's entire square is made up of antebellum buildings. In fact many of the buildings in the area of the square are antebellum. I know, because I live in one of the oldest. It is beside the old railroad tracks to Kearney, which I'm sure the Jameses used. The Colonel Henry Routte who led the arsenal raid in Liberty built my house.—**Jo-Ann Reber, 660 Spring, Liberty, Missouri 64068.**

True West Traveler

I have read TRUE WEST ever since my wife gave me a gift subscription years ago. I have always been interested in history, and your magazine really does justice to the Old West.

In recent years we have taken trips to Colorado, Wyoming, and surrounding states. We have always used TRUE WEST as a guide to places to see. By having a little of the area's history, we have a better idea of what we might want to see than the regular tourist who is just passing through.

On a trip through the West last May, we saw some very disturbing sites such as Black Hawk and Central City, Colorado. Gambling has taken over and torn those towns apart in just three years since we were last there. The towns have changed from the way they were in older times to modern gaming halls and parking lots. Large hydraulic hoes and dozers have moved in and torn down and pushed aside the past.

If you visit Black Hawk or Central City or Cripple Creek expecting to glimpse history, forget it. The past is gone from those areas, never to return.

I'm getting depressed just thinking about that, but before I quit I want to mention that we have a rodeo arena in New Jersey not far from where we live. It's called Cowtown Rodeo and it's located just a few miles from the Delaware Memorial Bridge on Route 40 in Sharptown. I bet some of your magazine wranglers have heard of it.—**Leroy Elwell, 917 Main Street, Salem, New Jersey 08079.**

Editor's Note: Thanks for letting me know about Cowtown Rodeo. Sounds to me like you Easterners have a greater respect for America's western heritage than some Westerners. . . .

Canada's Not Quite So Wild West

Thanks for publishing John Mancini's great article, "The Pursuit of Big Bear's Cree" (TRUE WEST, November 1992). It helps people recognize that we frozen Canucks up here had a Wild West, too. But don't think you're going to get off scot free, for I did find a slight error in the article.

On page fifty, the author mentions that several militia units were formed in Calgary in 1885, for the purpose of marching to Frog Lake to fight the Crees. One unit mentioned was the Rocky Mountain Rangers. The Rangers were not formed at Calgary, and never did participate in the march north.

The Rocky Mountain Rangers were a militia cavalry unit, formed the day after the Duck Lake battle, by rancher John Stewart. Stewart did report briefly to General Strange at Calgary, but that was the end of the RMR's involvement with Strange or with Calgary.

Stewart actually formed the RME two hundred miles to the south, at the North West Mounted Police post of Fort Macleod. Their role was to protect the ranch country hugging the United States border from the Rocky Mountains to the Cypress hills against Piegan Indians being enticed to join the northern rebel Crees and Metis. The Piegans remained peaceful, and the Rangers' duties were quiet, outside of a few small shootouts with American Assiniboines and Gros Ventres. The Rangers patrolled Pincher Creek, Fort Macleod, High River, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, and Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, but never came any nearer to Calgary.

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Another slight error was your artist's portrayal of Steele's Scouts in North West Mounted Police dress uniforms. While the Scouts did include a number of Mounties, only Sam Steele himself actually wore the red coat of the NWMP during the campaign. General Strange had ordered all policemen on the march to stow their red coats, feeling they made too visible a target. Only Steele was allowed to wear his red coat. The other Scouts wore buckskins, British-style military Stetsons with the right side turned up, and Mounted Police breeches.

Don't take my criticisms too personally. I certainly enjoy your magazine, and I only ask that you don't forget about our history up here. I work as a historical interpreter at Fort Whoop-Up, at Lethbridge, and whenever I speak with Americans, they are always surprised at the richness of our "not quite so Wild West." So don't go ignoring us up here!—**Gord Tolton, #92 1712 23rd Street, Coaldale, Alberta T1M 1K5.**

An Answer for the Answer Man

In reference to the question from Daniel D. Frei about a character named Bluenose at Candelaria, Nevada ("Answer Man," TRUE WEST, December 1992), the following from my book, "Lost Legends of the Silver State," should satisfy Mr. Frei's curiosity. "One of this new boom town's [Candelaria] more interesting characters was a man named Hartman. He had, at one time, been peppered by a blast of explosives in a mine on the Comstock and his face had pockmarked quite badly. All of the pockmarks had turned a bluish color, probably because of the blood collection in the bruised area, but this skin aberration earned him the nickname 'Blue Dick' Hartman."—**Major Gerald B. Higgs (Ret.), 1904 Terrace Dr., Sandy, Utah 84093.**

Editor's Note: Major Higgs' book goes on to tell how Hartman did, indeed, stage his own death and funeral, just as Mr. Frei had heard. Our thanks to Major Higgs for the information.

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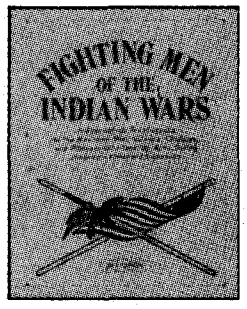

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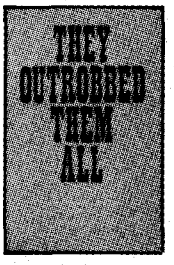

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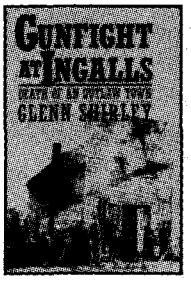

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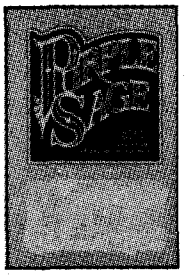

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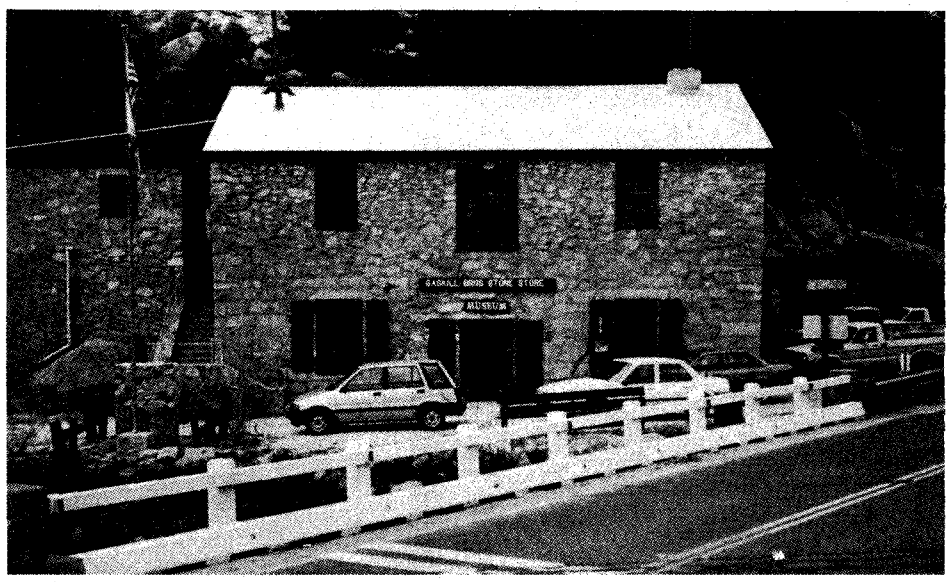
Campo Recalls Wild West Days

By ROBERT MONTGOMERY

You thought the gunfight at the O.K. Corral was fierce?

In the mountains fifty-two miles east of San Diego, California, there's a small town called Campo where, on December 5, 1875, the scene was set for gunplay which yielded even more casualties.

That morning the Gaskill Brothers store was raided by border bandits from Tecate, Mexico. In fifteen minutes the shooting was over. Seven men were shot. One man died on the spot; two of the bandidos were lynched within twenty-four hours from a tree just outside town; and two more, including the ringleader, Cruz Lopez, died from their wounds within the year.



Author's Photo

The Gaskill Brothers rebuilt their store in 1885 after the original structure burned.

Although the original store burned down a couple years later, the Gaskill brothers erected a new, two-story store near the site in the summer of 1885, built of stone, with walls four feet thick. Today the store is a museum, the first floor housing a mercantile exhibit dating from 1885–1926. The second floor contains a cavalry museum where historic films are shown, revealing Campo's past glory when a cavalry unit, the famous "Buffalo Soldiers," were stationed at nearby Fort Lockett.

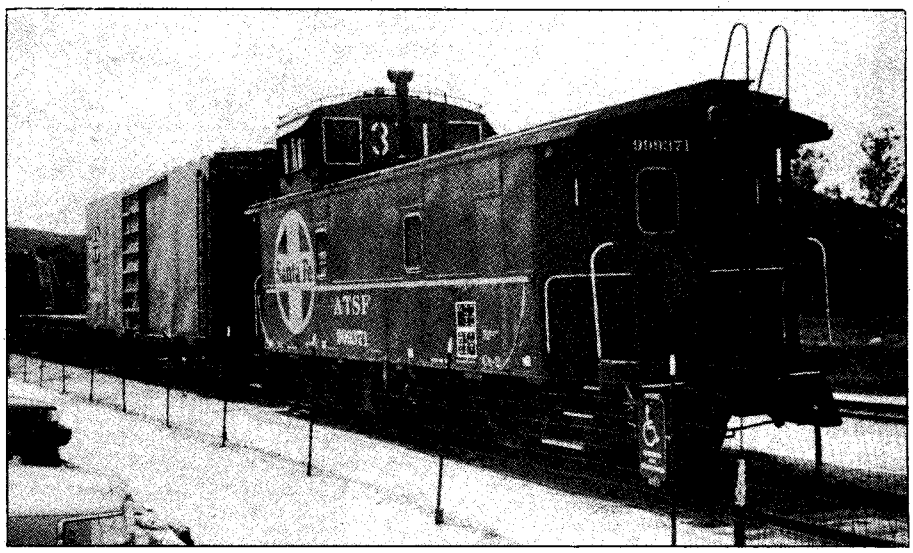
Every Memorial Day weekend, on Saturday and Sunday, the Campo shootout is reenacted as Campo celebrates Wild West Days. Thousands venture into the mountains to enjoy the entertainment and relax in the cool, fresh air. Stunt gunfighters' groups from throughout the Southwest hold competitions and mountain men and Civil War teams perform reenactments.

Dozens of antique steam and gas engines are on display, belching forth white smoke as they saw wood or pump water. A snake-oil medicine show, strolling minstrels, and country western performers are usually on hand for entertainment.

Another of Campo's historical attractions is a trainride through chaparral-covered and granite-strewn mountains of rugged beauty. Every weekend throughout the year, except Christmas and Thanksgiving, twice a day, a steam —or sometimes diesel—engine pulls a 1926 cafe-observation car that served the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, plus one or two sixty-year-old converted electric cars, from an aged, board-and-batten depot at 12:01 and 2:30 p.m. The round trip eight miles east to Millers Creek and back takes less than ninety minutes.

A number of volunteers play roles aboard the train: an engineer and a

(See **Campo,** *page 10)*



Author's Photo

The vintage rolling stock for Campo's trains is from the San Diego Railroad Museum.

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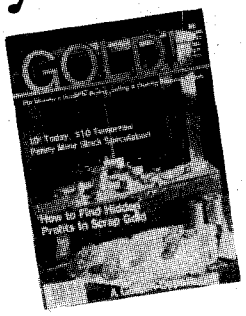

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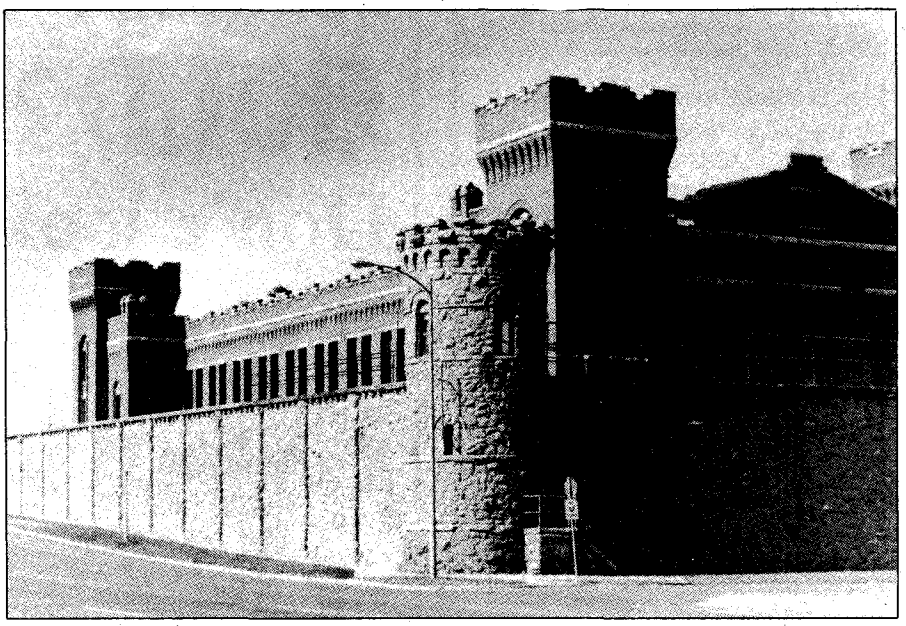
Museum Unlocks Prison's Past

The Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, Montana, is one of the largest and oldest historic structures in the state. Built in response to the public outcry over vigilante justice in Montana in the 1860s, the prison is now on the National Register of Historic Places. Today the Powell County Museum and Arts Foundation administers the prison and offers visitors a walking tour of the prison grounds.

The United States Congress allocated $40,000 in 1867 for building the territorial prison, but construction went slowly: a north wing was completed in 1870, and a central building and south wing were not finished until 1885 and 1886. The federal government failed to follow up with adequate funding, resulting in poor conditions and overcrowding. Montana inherited those problems upon its statehood in 1889.

In 1890, Montana contracted the prison's operation to Colonel Thomas "Archie" McTague and prison guard Frank Conley, who subsequently became warden. Conley served in that position for thirty years.

Conley planned to modernize the deteriorating penitentiary with a massive prison construction plan and the use of convict labor. A nationwide depression in the 1890s left Montana's treasury depleted, but Conley went undeterred. He publicized the enormous savings to the state through the use of convict labor on prison facilities. He used convicts to construct a stone wall, two cell houses, and a prison theater. Prison officials eventually used convict labor to construct about 500 miles of road and state buildings throughout Montana.



Karla James Photo

The Old Montana Prison at Deer Lodge, Montana, offers visitors a look at turn-of-the-century penitentiary facilities.

Conley kept tight rein over all aspects of the prison's operation. He read prisoners' mail, intercepted improper love letters, censored library books, secured jobs for released prisoners, and took a personal interest in each prisoner's behavior.

Conley indeed modernized the prison, and his immediate successors tried to follow his pattern, but the Depression of the 1930s ushered in another period of prison deterioration. Officials ceased using convict labor and failed to develop any prison industries. Pressures inside the prison erupted in a riot in 1959, which sparked renewed debate over the fate of the facility. In 1976 a new prison was constructed near Deer Lodge, and in 1979 the last prisoner left the old territorial facility.

The Old Montana Prison now comprises twelve historic structures in which visitors can see many different sites from the prison's long life. A walking tour includes the location of an 1896 cell house which loomed over Deer Lodge until an earthquake in 1959 forced its demolition.

The massive sandstone wall which Conley's convicts built is the oldest existing structure at the prison. The wall replaced a twelve-foot-high wooden fence. It is twenty-four feet high, three feet wide at the top, and four-and-one-half feet wide at the bottom. It extends four feet underground; while some inmates tried to tunnel under it, none succeeded.

In 1911, convicts extended the wall north to make room for a new cell house, built in 1912. The entrance to the prison was subsequently moved to Tower 7. Both Tower 7 and the 1912 cell house are part of the prison tour.

After its completion, all inmates, guards, and visitors entered and left the prison via Tower 7. A trap door in a room closest to the street leads to a surveillance tunnel which provides access to gun ports that overlook the kitchen, shower area, and dining hall.

The 1912 cell house took only eleven months to build with unskilled convict labor, and was a model facility for its day. Each of 200 cells had running water, flush toilets, and good ventilation. The cell house's design was based on the "Auburn system" of prison ad-

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Campo *(continued from page 8)*

fireman in the cab, a couple of brakemen, a conductor who takes the tickets, and a dining car attendant who sells cold drinks and candy. Occasionally, gunfighters act out train-robbing skits. Sometimes passengers stand on the open end of an observation car to watch for horses and cattle and wave to folks along the way, but there are sections of track where you'll see no signs whatever of civilization.

The price is ten dollars for adults, and three dollars for children. Children five years and under are free. Active duty military personnel and senior citizens get a two-dollar discount. Park near the depot, which is the ticket station and gift shop, open from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. weekends and holidays. For more information about the railroad call (619) 697-7762.

To reach Campo from San Diego, drive east on Interstate 8 to the Buckman Springs Road exit, drive south to Highway 94, and turn right. You'll see the trains across an open field on the left just before you reach the Stone Store museum.

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ministration, which advocated solitary confinement at night, hard work during the day, and silence at all times.

Visitors may see the site of the Federal Building, built in 1871, which was Montana's first prison building. In 1908, a failed escape attempt from the building left a deputy warden dead and Frank Conley with 103 stitches on his back and neck. The two inmates involved were hanged in the prison yard. The building was demolished in 1931 and replaced with the Administration Building, which is also part of the tour.

The Old Montana Prison also houses the Montana Law Enforcement Museum. The museum features law enforcement artifacts and is home to a state memorial dedicated to Montana lawmen killed in the line of duty since 1863. A visitor center and the Towe Ford Museum are also in the prison complex. The Ford museum traces the development of the automobile through a collection of classic Fords. The Powell County Museum and Yesterday's Playthings, a doll and toy museum with over 1,000 toys spanning a century, are also located in the Old Prison complex.

The Old Montana Prison and the Towe Ford Museum are open from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. daily, Memorial Day to Labor Day; from 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. daily in April, May, September, and October; and from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. daily in November, February, and March. Yesterday's Playthings is open from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. daily, May 15 to September 15. The Powell County Museum is open Memorial Day through Labor Day. The law enforcement museum is open from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Saturday, between May 15 and September 30.

Admission to the prison and Ford museum is five dollars for adults and two dollars for children. Combined tickets for the prison and Ford and doll museums are seven dollars for adults, three dollars for children. For more information on any of the sites, contact the Powell County Museum and Arts Foundation, 1106 Main, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722. The phone number is (406) 846-3111.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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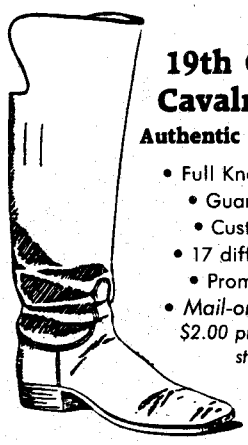

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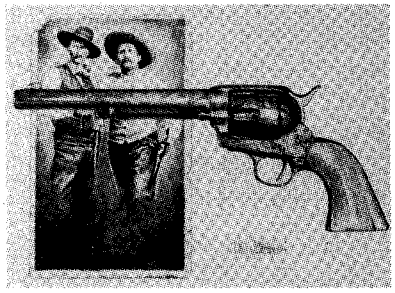

C. B. McKinney stands tall as one of the legendary figures of Texas law enforcement. This high-quality, 11" x 14" photographic print, from a first sketch by artist R. Morris Patterson, is available now for only $15.00, including shipping. It features a strikingly realistic sketch of Ranger/Sheriff McKinney's 45-caliber Colt pistol, which is now on display at the Texas Ranger Museum, Waco, Texas. McKinney (left) and fellow Ranger George Farrow form the background to this historic gun.

Chuck Parsons, *True West's* Answer Man, and Gary Fitterer have written a biography of the life and times of McKinney, the famous lawman of La Salle County. The planned publication date is March 1993. Purchase this remarkable print today — it'll serve as a reminder to buy the book when it becomes available. Both are destined to become collector's items.

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Quanah Parker in Residence

By CHUCK PARSONS

"My father grew up on the old family farm a few miles southwest of Wilson, Carter County, Oklahoma. About a half-mile down the road was the 'old Parker place,'" writes Roy Hester, PO Box 932, Carpinteria, California 93014. "Father used to tell me that sometimes when he was down playing with the Parker kids old Quanah Parker would be sitting out in the shade of the house, visiting with his family. That must have been around 1905-1910."

I cannot verify that Parker had a home in Wilson, but it would not have been far from his legendary home in Cache. Perhaps a reader can confirm that Parker had a residence in Wilson.

Jesse James' Sister

"I was told that I was related to Frank and Jesse James through a sister of theirs who married into my family. Did the James boys have a sister? If so, who did she marry and what were their children's names?" That question comes from Donita Hontz, Route 4, Box 617, Galena, Missouri 65656.

Frank and Jesse did, indeed, have a sister, Susan Lavenia James, born November 25, 1849. She married Allen H. Parmer in Clay County, Missouri, on November 24, 1870. Parmer was the son of Isaac and Barbara Parmer and was with William Clarke Quantrill's guerrilla's when they sacked Lawrence, Kansas. He also surrendered with Frank James and others at Samuel's Depot, Kentucky, on July 26, 1865. Parmer may have had a role in some of the gang's robberies. He was tried for taking part in the Glendale robbery on October 8, 1879, but he was released when witnesses could not positively identify him.

Susan and Allen's children included Robert Archie (1872-1883); Flora (1877-1926); Zelma (1879-1972); Allen, Jr. (1882-1885); Susan Kate Parmer (1885-1903); Feta (1887-1978); a stillborn son, 1889. Flora married William Benson; Zelma married George R. Edwards, Feta married Bert A. Rose; Susan Kate never married.

National Archives Photo

Quanah Parker.

Susan James Parmer died from complications giving birth March 3, 1889, at age forty-one. She is buried in Wichita Falls, Texas, alongside her three children who preceded her in death. Allen Parmer died October 20, 1927. He, too, is buried in Wichita Falls.

Massacre Rocks

A 556-acre state park near Pocatello, Idaho, is named "Massacre Rocks." The park has a small museum and facilities for campers. Ronald M. Sanders, 5051 N. Virginia Street #31, Reno, Nevada 89506, wrote to ask how the park got its name.

The site is on the Oregon Trail but was not named until 1927, when an area businessman christened it in an attempt to attract tourists. On August 9, 1862, three separate immigrant trains totaling fifty-two wagons were headed west from American Falls. They were spaced over a stretch of five miles, when a messenger brought news to the rear train that the first group had been ambushed about four miles east of the place that is now the park.

The next day, John Hilman, a member of the last train, wrote a long letter describing the ambush and its aftermath. After finding the massacre site, his group had to camp for the night as darkness set in. At daybreak, "we pushed on . . . and found three men killed and several wounded, one woman mortally wounded, and the wagons which the Indians had left. All were buried here but the affair did not end here." Hilman explains that some thirty men pursued the Indians; three white men were killed and five severely wounded. That, evidently, ended their efforts to avenge the wagon train.

Overshadowed by the Reno Gang

Jack Walker, 725 Ruby #83, Waco, Texas 76710, writes, "I would like to know about the Archer family that terrorized Martin County, Indiana, and were hanged by vigilantes. My grandparents came from that country to homestead in Kansas and Oklahoma in 1887-89."

The Archer family often is overlooked because of the notorious Reno gang, which also terrorized Indiana. They

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started operating in Martin County around 1880. According to area newspapers they were as desperate and reckless as the James gang. Their leaders were Thomas, Martin, and John Archer. They came from Kentucky and attracted other ruffians including Samuel A. Bunch, Dave and William Holt, William Jackson, John Lynch, Charles Parker, and Kinder Smith.

The group's crimes ranged from stealing hogs to murder. The gang fell because some of its members let greed get the better of them. Martin Archer, Jr., eighteen years old, believed that two other gang members had not fairly divided the spoils of a robbery. When he theatened to expose them, they marked him for death. Samuel A. Bunch and Samuel Marley got Little Mart alone on July 8, 1882. Supposedly Bunch and Marley drew straws to decide who would kill him, and Marley drew the short straw.

Other gang members determined to avenge Little Mart. Bunch was killed first, and his body was found in a cave.

In the meantime, John Archer had fled the area to avoid the law. When his wife learned he was enjoying the company of another woman, she gave officers sufficient evidence to arrest gang members and hold them for prosecution.

The Archers were arrested and jailed at Shoals. Around midnight, March 9, 1886, heavy pounding on the jail door awakened Sheriff John A. Padgett. When intruders quickly overpowered him, the prisoners momentarily thought their few remaining friends had come to liberate them. The mob, however, quickly overpowered the troublemakers and strung them up on a tree limb. Then the vigilantes fired their pistols in jubilation.

Younger brother Sam Archer had earlier fled the area, but he was tracked down and captured. Convicted for the murder of Samuel A. Bunch, he was sentenced to hang. Some 5000 spectators reportedly witnessed his execution July 9, 1886.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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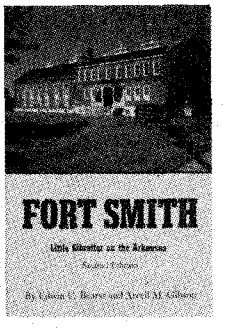

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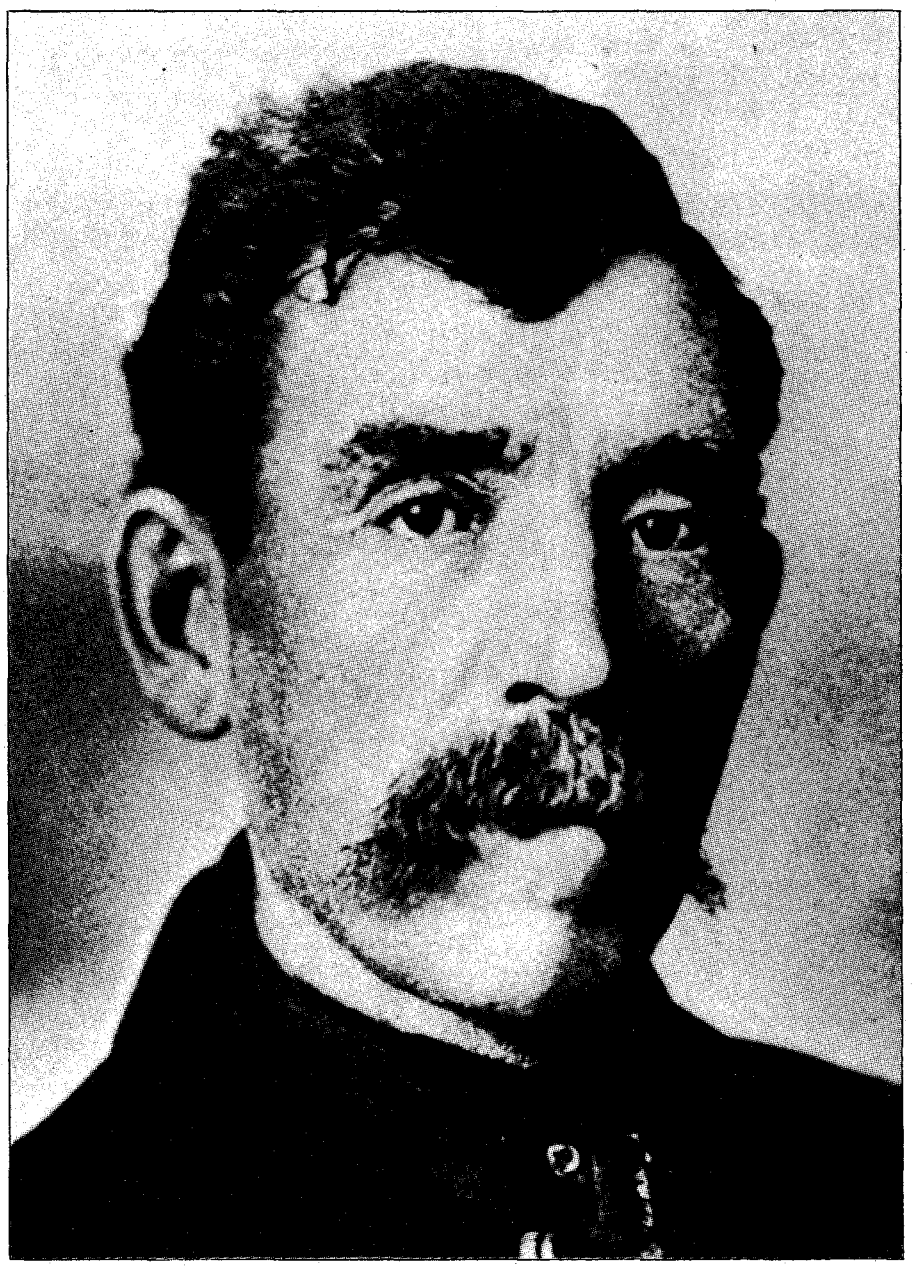
Teton Jackson

By R.K. DeARMENT



Author's Collection

Teton Jackson after he had retired from the outlaw game.

A decade before Butch Cassidy led his infamous Hole-in-the-Wall Gang out of the mountain fastness of Wyoming to national notoriety, a legendary outlaw known as Teton Jackson headed a gang in the same territory and was hunted by officers of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, and South Dakota. A loosely-knit organization of criminals, the Jackson gang seems never to have graduated to bank or train robbery, or to have participated in the rampant road agentry which plagued stagecoach operators between Cheyenne and Deadwood during the period. Teton Jackson and his confederates were professional horse thieves. For a time their success rivaled that of the more famous horse-stealing gangs captained by Doc Middleton in Nebraska and Dutch Henry Born in Kansas and Texas.

One of the myths springing from the history of their leader is that the gang's headquarters, Jackson Hole, Wyoming, was named for him. Actually, it was the other way around. Jackson's Big Hole, as it was originally called, had been named half a century before by mountain man Bill Sublette for his partner, David E. Jackson. The given name of the outlaw known as William C. "Teton" Jackson was Harvey Gleason. As his alias he took his last name from the remote valley in which he settled and his nickname from the mountain range with which he was so familiar.

Little is known of Gleason's early life. According to information he provided authorities at the time of his imprisonment, he was born in Rhode Island in 1855. Moving west, he had a scrape with the law at Joplin, Missouri, which he later blamed for turning him to the ways of the outlaw. He is said to have run pack trains and scouted for General George Crook in the campaign against the Sioux in 1876. Frank Canton, the Wyoming sheriff who arrested Jackson, said that military authorities charged Jackson with stealing government mules. He killed two soldiers and escaped to the Teton Mountains. He was also responsible, according to Canton, for the murder of "several" deputy United States marshals from Utah and Idaho who trailed him into those mountains.

Canton characterized Jackson as "most dangerous and vicious," a member of the Mormon "Destroying Angels," and the nephew of John D. Lee, who was executed for his role in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Jackson, he said, escaped capture for years by using his Mormon religion to gain the help and protection of Mormon families in the region.

Frank Canton may have embellished Jackson's notoriety to magnify the importance of his capture, but that exaggeration did not exceed lurid contemporary newspaper accounts which have been repeated in the recollections of old-timers. A Cheyenne, Wyoming, correspondent for the *Chicago Herald* called

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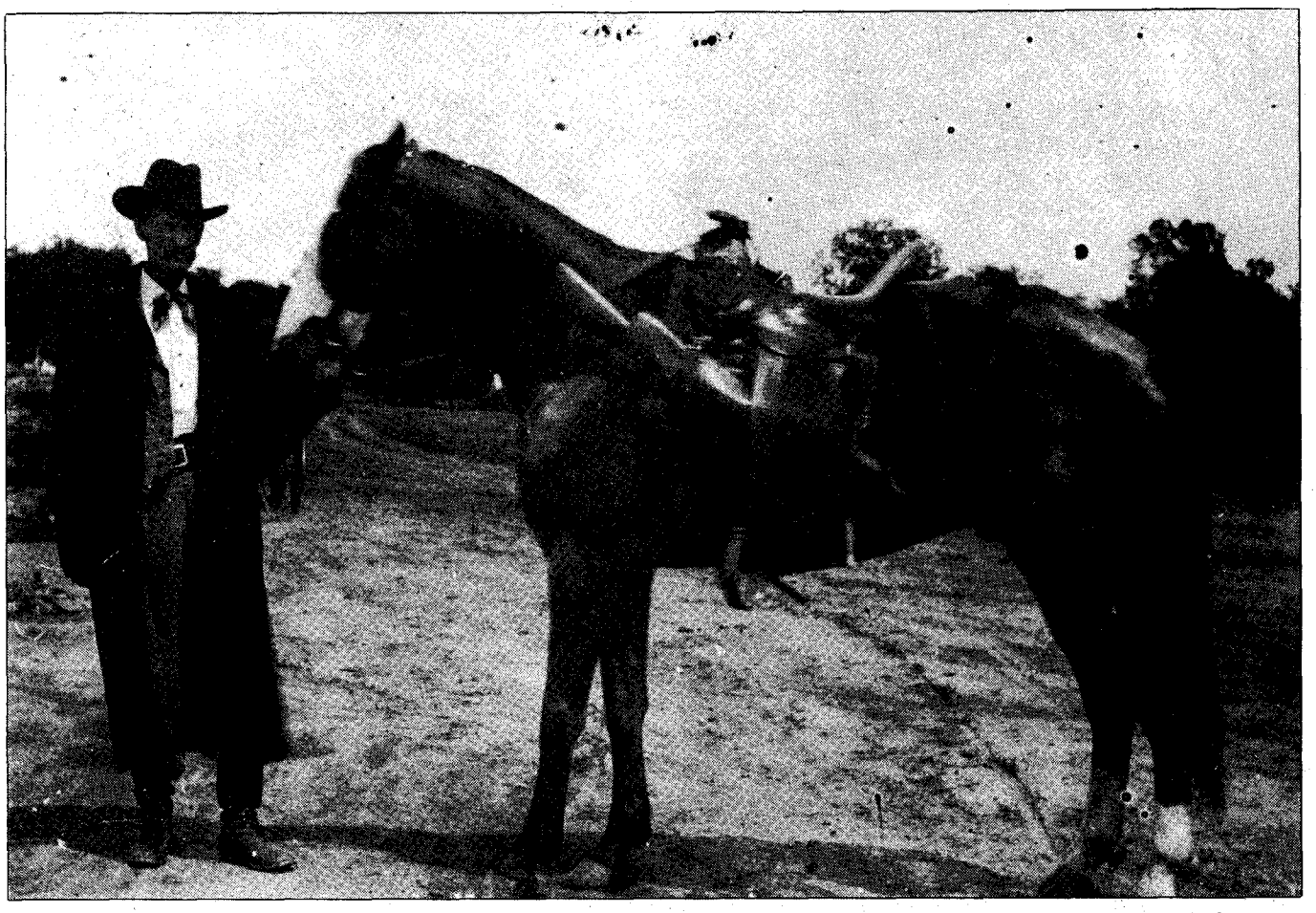

American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming

Sheriff Frank Canton of Johnson County, Wyoming, collared the notorious horse thief.

Jackson "the premier horse-thief of the mountains," and described him as "a giant of six feet two inches stature and nearly three hundredweight [with] a shock of fiery red hair, heavy whiskers of the same color and small black eyes." Malcolm Campbell, a Wyoming lawman of the period, repeated that description almost verbatim in his autobiography.

According to the man who arrested him, Jackson might not have been the huge ogre described in the news account, but he was an imposing figure nonetheless. "I have never seen a man of his description before or since," said Frank Canton. "He was about forty-five, over six feet in height, weight a hundred and ninety, stubby beard, rawbones, coarse features, flaming red hair, red face, and eyes as black as a snake." Canton wrote this many years later and evidently in the passage of time Jackson had grown and become more fearsome in the officer's memory. Upon entering prison Jackson was officially described as a man of thirty years, five feet, nine and three-quarters inches tall, weighing 170 pounds, with a florid complexion, dark red hair, and light brown eyes. Photographs taken in later years reveal a man of not unusual size whose grim, tight-lipped face is distinguished by a pair of piercing dark eyes.

"I have never seen a man of his description before or since," said Frank Canton. "He was about forty-five, over six feet in height, weight a hundred and ninety, stubby beard, rawbones, coarse features, flaming red hair, red face, and eyes as black as a snake."

Malcolm Campbell, still relying on the hyperbole of the *Chicago Herald* rather than his own knowledge, said that there were "about 300 outlaws" in the Jackson gang "and every one of them was wanted for a major crime in some part of the United States." Canton, with much greater accuracy, estimated Jackson's followers at "about a dozen hard men." The gang's *modus operandi* was to steal horses in Nevada, Utah, and Idaho and drive them to Jackson Hole or the Teton Basin, where they were rebranded and held until the fresh brands healed. Then the stolen horses were driven eastward to be sold in Wyoming or South Dakota. The larcenous operation was reversed as returning gang members picked up good mounts from ranches along the way and drove them to the hidden canyons for rebranding and eventual sale in the western territories. At times, Frank Canton said, the gang would be handling as many as eight hundred or a thousand head of horses in that manner. Passes into the country where Jackson headquartered were normally closed by snow from November until May, making pursuit by officers and victimized ranchers virtually impossible. As additional protection against a surprise attack during the summer months, the outlaws constructed their cabin base in a marsh just north of the present town of Jackson in

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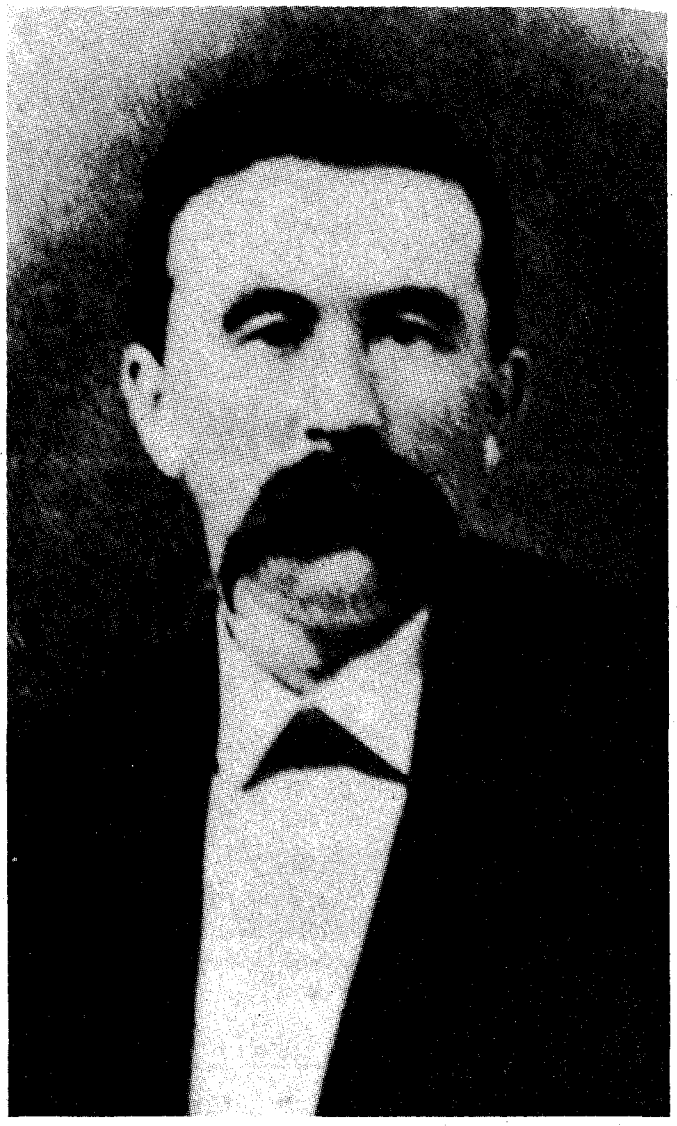

Left: Wyoming lawman Malcolm Campbell contributed to the Teton Jackson legend. Right: Ed Trafton, alias Ed Harrington, wanted Jackson to help kidnap President Arthur.

what is now the National Elk Refuge.

Teton Jackson carried on an extensive horse theft operation for some eight years, according to an April 14, 1888, story in the *Big Horn Sentinel* of Buffalo, Wyoming. Closely allied with him were Ed Trafton, alias Ed Harrington, Harry E. Thompson, John Holland, Robert Miller, Locke Beye, and one Hildebrand, all early settlers of Jackson Hole. Other gang members have been identified as Robert Cooper, "Red" Campbell, Columbus "Lum" Nickerson, Jim Robertson, Tommy Carnes, "Red" Anderson, "Black Tom," Frank Lamb, and George Stevens, alias "Red Cloud."

In 1883 Ed Trafton, according to a story he told in later years, approached Jackson with a grand scheme. President Chester Arthur was planning a hunting and fishing expedition to Jackson Hole and Yellowstone National Park that summer, and Trafton thought it would be a splendid idea for the gang to kidnap the president and hold him for ransom. The degree of enthusiasm with which Jackson received the suggestion is not known, but when Arthur arrived in western Wyoming accompanied by a large delegation of heavily armed civilians, soldiers, and Indian guides, the plan, if ever considered seriously, was quickly abandoned.

EARLY IN February 1884, Teton Jackson and Harry Thompson appeared in Eagle Rock, Idaho, and told a remarkable story. At their camp on Badger Creek they had quarreled with Robert Cooper, they said. In the resulting fight, they had shot and killed Cooper in self-defense. Like the good citizens they claimed to be, they had ridden into town through the winter snows to report the tragic affair. Justice of the Peace A.M. Carter held the pair in custody and dispatched Deputy Sheriff Ed Winn and Bob Tartar to the camp to recover the body. Winn and Tartar found Cooper's corpse frozen solid. Unable to transport the frozen body on their saddle horses, they took an ax, chopped off the head, and returned to Eagle Rock.

Cooper was identified by that grisly evidence. The stories of the two outlaws varied in certain details, and a belief spread that Cooper was killed because he bragged to strangers of the gang's horse-theft success. Jackson and Thompson were indicted and tried for murder but acquitted due to lack of evidence.

In July 1885, members of the Jackson gang stole forty head of horses from the High and Stout ranch of Blackfoot, Idaho. Weary of the outlaw depredations, the Eastern Idaho Stock Growers Association posted a reward of eight hundred dollars for the capture and conviction of the culprits. Jackson and Thompson were named as the thieves in the *Idaho Register* of Eagle Rock, which said that a heavily armed posse determined to bring in the outlaws "or their scalps" was on the trail. The posse returned empty-handed after a three-week search.

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On August 20, 1885, Harry Thompson directed a letter to the *Idaho Register,* taking issue with the paper's characterization of Teton Jackson and himself as horse thieves. "What astonished me most," said Thompson, "was . . . a Death Warrant issued for us or our scalps." He went on to say that the paper was "entirely mistaken" in naming Jackson and himself as stock thieves, and that since "the unfortunate affair with the Cooper case," they had behaved as "good citizens." He warned, however, that if he and Jackson were continually to be accused wrongfully, "there is a point in persecution where forbearance ceases to be a virtue." Thompson gave his address as "Home, Jackson Hole, Uinta Co., Wyoming Territory."

Within three months Thompson was reported killed by possemen, and Teton Jackson was in the penitentiary.

On October 10 Sheriff Frank Canton of Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming, received a telegram from Bill Hosford, an officer at Blackfoot, Idaho, advising that Jackson was moving a herd of stolen horses through the Big Horn Basin. A man named Lee Lucas, whom Canton suspected of being in league with the outlaws, had a cabin in the area. On a hunch that Jackson would stop over with Lucas, Canton took two deputies, Chris Gross and Ed Lloyd, and set out on a hard, all-night ride for the Lucas place, which they reached shortly before daybreak. Tying their horses, they silently approached the cabin. Candlelight flickered in the single window and smoke from a fire curled from the chimney. Canton posted Lloyd at the window. Pointing to a hole in the log wall where chinking had fallen out, he whispered to Gross to stick the muzzle of his Winchester through and take a bead on Jackson if he was there. Then, with drawn revolver, Canton pushed open the door and stepped inside. He took in the situation at a glance. Teton Jackson, half-dressed, was sitting by the fireplace, lighting his pipe with a glowing splinter. Lucas was slicing pieces from a slab of venison for breakfast. Two other men were still in their bunks.

Brandishing his six-shooter, Canton barked commands. He ordered everyone to line up with hands held high. Lucas and the other two men, wide-eyed and white-faced, quickly complied. Teton Jackson remained seated for several moments, however, pulling on his pipe and eyeing the distance from his hand to the butt of his holstered pistol hanging several feet away. Finally the outlaw chief got to his feet and slowly raised his hands. "Canton," he said, "I ain't afraid of you or your guns. I'd fight that out, but what's been a-bothering me is the end of that rifle that's been trained on my head for the last five minutes."

Canton called in his deputies and had them shackle Jackson. Questioning disclosed that the two strangers were innocent wolf hunters who had just stopped for the night. After Lucas made breakfast for all hands, the hunters were allowed to leave. Canton then sent his deputies and Lucas to round up the horses grazing nearby. Jackson, waiting in the cabin with the sheriff, complained that the handcuffs on his wrists were cutting off the circulation. Canton threw him the keys with a warning that a false move would mean instant death. After removing the cuffs, Jackson began berating the sheriff, boasting that he was the better man and would never be taken to Buffalo. Canton shrugged and reminded the outlaw that he was worth as much dead as alive. "I told him I would prefer to take his dead body as it would be less trouble to handle than a live one," Canton said later. "I then threw the open handcuffs on the floor at his feet and told him that if he did not snap them on his wrists in ten seconds, he could take his medicine. I think he put them on in less time that I had given him.

In July 1885, members of the Jackson gang stole forty head of horses from the High and Stout ranch of Blackfoot, Idaho. Weary of the outlaw depredations, the Eastern Idaho Stock Growers Association posted a reward of eight hundred dollars for the capture and conviction of the culprits.

"MY DEPUTIES returned in about an hour with the stolen horses, which proved to be the property of High and Stout. We put Teton on one of the horses, tied his feet together under the horse's body, and landed him in jail in Buffalo that night.

"The only trouble we had was in crossing a little meadow on top of the mountains. The meadow was not more than fifty yards across, but the sod was underlaid with thin mud, six to eight feet deep. It would bear up a horse, crossing singly, but the bunch being ahead cut the turf enough so that my horse broke through. I jumped off and broke through the bog with one foot, so it threw me down and my horse struggled and floundered around, until he got on the turf again before I got to my feet. Teton was watching me while I was having this trouble and when my horse got on his feet again, he trotted ahead leaving me afoot, and went right up to the side of Jackson. My Winchester was in the scabbard, and Teton saw his opportunity at once and was just reaching down for it when I called to the deputies to look out. Ed Lloyd drew his six-shooter just in time to make the desperate outlaw let the gun alone.

"As I got on my horse again, Teton said, 'If I could have got that gun I would have settled with you, anyway.'

"It was a close call, but 'an inch of a miss is as good as a mile.'"

The officers arrived back in Buffalo with their prisoner and the stolen horses the night of October 11 after more than forty sleepless hours, mostly spent in the saddle. Jackson was held in the Buffalo jail until October 24 when Bill Hosford and A.T. Stout arrived from Blackfoot with the necessary papers to take him to Bingham County, Idaho. There he was given a speedy trial, convicted of grand larceny, and sentenced to fourteen years in prison. On November 5, 1885, he was received at the United States penitentiary, Boise City.

Meanwhile, the Idaho officers had not been idle. On November 1, five possemen and two Indian guides, returning from a foray into Teton Jackson's domain, reported they had killed Harry Thompson, who was described in a Cheyenne newspaper story as "the right bower of the captured leader." The posse was nearing the outlaw headquarters on October 29, said the paper, "when suddenly Thompson rode out of the bushes not more than two hundred yards ahead and opened fire, at the same time starting for the ranch. The fire was returned and Thompson's horse went down. He quickly gained his feet, fired again, and then ran. A shot from one of the Winchesters with which the pursuers were armed caught him, and he went down, but he was up in a flash, shot back, and resumed his running. Owing to the devious character of his course he traveled as fast on foot as the horses of the posse could go. The firing

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kept up, however, and twice more Thompson dropped, each time turning and shooting.

"After being hit the third time he did not arise, but crawled toward the brush, firing as fast as he could. Just at this juncture, when his capture dead or alive seemed inevitable, two of the gang burst from the brush on a slope and commenced firing at the posse. One of the latter was wounded and a horse was killed. The late arrivals had 50-calibre Sharps rifles, and their range was consequently too long for the Winchesters, and the pursuers quite sensibly retreated. They are sure that Thompson was mortally wounded, and when last seen he was lying quite still.

"The posse recovered a number of High & Stout's horses which had been stolen and are returning. The news of Thompson's probable death coming just in the wake of the capture of Teton Jack [sic], makes the long suffering horse men here feel more encouraged and there is little doubt but before long the whole band will be captured or killed."

IN FULFILLMENT of that prophecy, Wyoming Deputy Sheriff Chris Gross on December 1 put out the lights of one gang member and took another into custody. "Big George" Stevens, alias "Red Cloud," and his partner, Frank Lamb, were located in a cabin on Spring Creek in the No Wood country of Johnson County. Accompanied by Dave Hart and Billy Burnett, Deputy Gross employed the tactic which had worked so well in the Jackson arrest, breaking into the cabin at first light and catching the two outlaws in their bunks. But Stevens refused to submit to arrest. "Hot words passed between Gross and Stevens," reported the *Big Horn Sentinel,* "which resulted in a shot being fired by Gross, the ball taking effect in Stevens' head, killing him instantly."

Gross sent the other deputies on ahead to Buffalo with prisoner Frank Lamb. Gross followed with Stevens' body. It was bitterly cold. At dark Gross stopped at a ranch house at the mouth of Crazy Woman Canyon.

"We were just setting [sic] down to supper and Chris walked in," recalled the rancher, Edward Burnett. "'Unsaddle,' I said.

"'Come and help me unpack a horse,' said Chris.

"I got a lantern. . . When I shone the lantern on the pack I dropped right there."

The body of Stevens was draped over a saddle and tied head to feet with a double diamond hitch.

"Chris persuaded me to hold the lantern and he undid the pack rope, but he couldn't make me help lift the dead h.t. off the saddle, so he rolled him off like a cowboy unloading his bed and he fell with a thud, frozen solid, round as a horseshoe.

"I ate no supper that night."

At the December term of court in Buffalo, Frank Lamb was charged with grand larceny, convicted, and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. Other gang members were killed, captured, or dispersed. Red Anderson and Black Tom were shot and killed by officers near Yellowstone Park. Ed Trafton was arrested in Driggs, Idaho, and sentenced to twenty-five years in prison.

Teton Jackson wrote Frank Canton from prison, expressing no animosity toward the officer who had collared him, and humbly requesting a few dollars with which to purchase tobacco. Canton said he responded with a short note and enclosed a twenty-dollar bill.

On August 27, 1886, Teton Jackson escaped from the prison at Boise. The *Big Horn Sentinel* at Buffalo printed a report that Jackson had killed two guards during the breakout, and Wyoming lawman Malcolm Campbell said that he "knifed a guard," an assertion repeated by later writers. Such is the stuff of legends. The escape was bloodless but dramatic nonetheless.

The prison at Boise was designed with three-tier cell blocks. Jackson and a cellmate named Holbrook were confined on the lower level. Working at night, the two convicts managed to pry up one of the large flat stones flooring their cell. They then burrowed through two courses of bricks set in concrete and tunneled ten or twelve feet to the outside yard. There they scaled the wall and disappeared into the night.

Jackson and a cellmate named Holbrook were confined on the lower level of the prison at Boise. Working at night, the two convicts managed to pry up one of the large flat stones flooring their cells. They then burrowed through two courses of bricks set in concrete and tunneled to the outside yard.

Frank Canton said that his generosity toward Jackson had done little to soften the outlaw's heart. "He left a note in his cell containing a list of the names of a dozen different men whom he was going to kill on sight, no matter where or when he met them," said Canton. "My name was the first one on the list."

Jackson never confronted Canton, however, and, as far as is known, never carried out his threat against any others on his death list. He drifted back into the country he knew so well and took up the trade at which he was most skilled, the stealing of horses. For almost two years he dodged the law, but in April 1888, officers nabbed him near Billings, Montana. At the time of his capture, Jackson was reportedly driving a herd of fifty-eight horses which bore thirteen different brands, all traceable to ranches in Nevada. A deputy United States marshal named Tiner was dispatched from Boise City to return him to the penitentiary.

THE CAPTURE was widely reported in the nation's press. Some of the more lurid newspaper accounts of Jackson's career elicted an indignant denial from the celebrated convict. From his cell Jackson penned a letter on May 15, 1888, to the editor of the *Salt Lake Tribune,* asking for the opportunity "to contradict the many false accounts which have been published." While admitting that he escaped from the penitentiary while serving a fourteen-year sentence, he denied that he was "'Teton Jack,' the noted horse thief and murderer, for whose arrest a reward of $6,000 is offered by the state of Nevada and this territory." He said that "a number of eastern printed patent inside sheets. . . fill up the blank side of their live paper with dime novel mush when they run short of local gossip." As an example he cited a story in which "an imaginative genius gives a thrilling account of a fight with a 'desperate ruffian,' (meaning me) and his gang, at the very time I was running a tunnel on my present location." Jackson claimed he had committed no criminal acts after his escape, but made his living hunting and fishing. "I was not anxious to return here as the confinement is too irksome," he said, "but I have the satisfaction of knowing that Nevada still retains her ducats, and that the men whose cupidity blinded them will never receive a cent for my arrest, as there was no

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Author's Collection

Jackson in later years astride a horse he wouldn't have stolen in his heyday.

reward offered."

Jackson spent four more years in the penitentiary. On April 6, 1892, he was pardoned and returned to Jackson Hole and the old life. Soon afterward, a newspaper reporter at Casper, Wyoming, obtained a remarkable interview with "a hard-looking citizen" who was camped at the ruins of old Fort Casper. "I am the fellow they call Teton Jackson, and as I was down this way, and one of my gang wants to let people know where he is, I sent for you," said the old outlaw.

"I make my home up south of the Park, near what is known as Jackson's Hole. . . . We are looked upon as horse thieves, and every horse that is stolen in the west is laid on me or my gang. . . . If we stole all the horse that they say we do we would be shipping two carloads a day. . . ."

Although Jackson "supposed" he handled stolen horses, he said he got them from "respectable" fellows who only engaged in the thievery to keep from working. "All I ever do is to act as go-between," he said. "That is, I run the horses out of one locality and exchange them, and take back others, and I get half what the horses bring when they are sold. . . .

"There are a number of boys up in the Hole with me, and we don't fear anybody, and the boys kind of feel better when they know that people know where they are, and that they dare not come and get them."

One such gang member, Jackson said, was a man named Tascott, "the fellow they want down in Chicago, and offer a million or two for him." Tascott, said Jackson, was a small man, but "sand from the bottom up." He said the reporter could tell the "Pinkeys" (Pinkerton detectives) where Tascott could be found, but "to bring along their overcoats."

This burst of bravado was almost a swan-song for the aging outlaw. He may have moved some stolen horseflesh after his release from prison, but he never again was celebrated as the outlaw chieftain he once had been. His last recorded brush with the law occurred in 1894 when officers attempted to tie him to the disappearance of one hundred sacks of gold ore from a mine near Atlantic City, Wyoming. The effort was unsuccessful and charges brought against him were dismissed.

Jackson married a Shoshone woman and settled down near Crowheart, Fremont County, Wyoming, where he ran a small ranch and sometimes worked as a guide. In his declining years he entered the county home at Lander, where he died in 1927.

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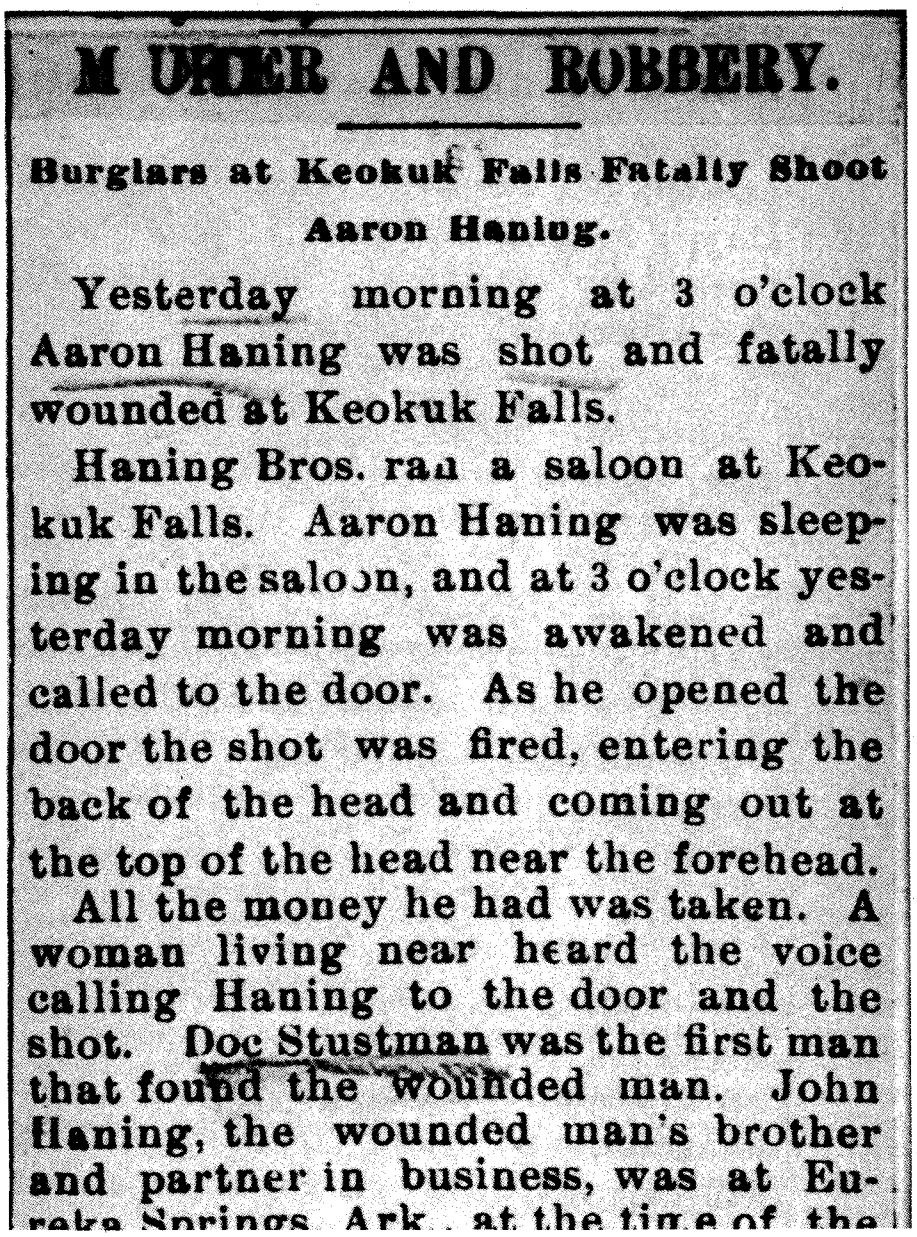
The Case of the Scrambled Brains

By GLENN SHIRLEY

Oklahoma Territory's Pottawatomie County, located between the North and South Canadian rivers and adjacent to the Creek and Seminole nations, was a haven for outlaws operating out of Indian Territory in the 1890s. The county was created at the opening of the Iowa, Sac and Fox, and Potawatomi-Shawnee reservations to homeseekers in September 1891, with the seat at Tecumseh. Its government did not begin functioning effectively until the first officers—James H. Gill, sheriff; J.H. Dougherty, judge; and E.B. Mundy, county attorney—were elected in the fall of 1892. Early criminal dockets are long lists of trials for stock thievery.



MURDER AND ROBBERY.

Burglars at Keokuk Falls Fatally Shoot Aaron Haning.

Yesterday morning at 3 o'clock Aaron Haning was shot and fatally wounded at Keokuk Falls.

Haning Bros. ran a saloon at Keokuk Falls. Aaron Haning was sleeping in the saloon, and at 3 o'clock yesterday morning was awakened and called to the door. As he opened the door the shot was fired, entering the back of the head and coming out at the top of the head near the forehead.

All the money he had was taken. A woman living near heard the voice calling Haning to the door and the shot. Doc Stustman was the first man that found the wounded man. John Haning, the wounded man's brother and partner in business, was at Eureka Springs, Ark., at the time of the

Author's Photo

The *Oklahoma State Capital*, July 4, 1896, chronicled Aaron Haning's death.

But the area's big trouble came from the saloon towns that sprang up along the Oklahoma-Indian Territory border. Saloons and distilleries were illegal in the nations of the Five Civilized Tribes but legal in Oklahoma. One had only to cross the border for a drink. At one time Pottawatomie County had sixty-two saloons and two distilleries.

Cash in saloon drawers often ran to thousands of dollars. There were numerous robberies and killings, and profitable liquor business prompted bitter feuds. While places like Violet Springs, the Corner, and Young's Crossing on the treacherous South Canadian wrote scarlet chapters in history, Keokuk Falls on the North Canadian in extreme northeastern Pottawatomie County became the setting for one of the territory's most sensational murder cases.

Keokuk Falls made a noble effort to become a peaceable town and would exist today had not the Fort Smith and Western Railroad bypassed the place. While most of its citizens were law abiding, its notoriety grew from the fact that many border outlaws found the "line" settlements convenient hangouts, and from the Beaty-Stutsman feud.

D.N. Beaty, an eighty-niner, was working a farm in Oklahoma County and had gained a little experience operating a saloon at Choctaw City when the Potawatomi country opened for settlement in September 1891. He decided to try his hand in the "line" business and established the first saloon, called the Black Dog, at Keokuk Falls in 1892. The saloon flourished. Doctor Nicholas Stutsman, who frequented the place, tried to buy an interest several times, and each time Beaty refused. He even ignored many threats to put him out of business. Finally, Stutsman opened a rival saloon, called the Red Front. Each man surrounded himself with a small gang of sympathizers and vied for control of the liquor trade.

Stutsman's background is hazy except that he came from the East, probably from a good family. Though he was

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referred to as "Doc," his medical practice apparently did not encompass the Hippocratic Oath. He was better known as a gambler and illegal whiskey peddler who had transported wagonloads of the stuff into the Creek and Seminole nations. He was a fearless man and had demonstrated his prowess with firearms in several shootouts.

Stutsman's wife, Bertha, was "a handsome woman who enjoyed the attention she attracted. . . [and] made the heart palpitate by her bewitching smiles." She had divorced her first husband at Tecumseh in July 1892 before taking up residence at the Hefling hotel in Keokuk Falls.

Beaty and Stutsman followers who gathered daily in the Black Dog and Red Front saloons kept the rivalry alive. Trouble erupted one spring afternoon in 1893 when the two factions squared off behind trees, barrels, and wagons and began sniping at each other. Only the arrival of Sheriff James H. Gill, whom a courier from Beaty had notified, halted the little war. Gill arrested twelve men and advised Beaty and Stutsman it would be wise to settle the matter legally. Then he piled his prisoners into a wagon and hauled them twenty-eight miles to Tecumseh, the Pottawatomie County seat, leaving three dead horses to be dragged from Keokuk Falls' main street.

Sheriff Gill sent a deputy named Brewer to Keokuk Falls to prevent further outbreaks, but the deputy was soon in cahoots with Stutsman. All went quietly until Stutsman clashed with Al Cook, Beaty's chief bartender, and ordered Cook out of town. Cook had worked for Beaty at Choctaw City, was a brave man and not disposed to being bulldozed.

On Saturday morning, July 22, as Cook was actually leaving town, he stopped at Patterson's store and accidentally bumped into Stutsman and Brewer on the boardwalk. Stutsman, for some reason, was not armed, but he grabbed Brewer's six-shooter from its holster and the two enemies began firing point-blank at each other. Stutsman fell to the muddy street, hit in the right arm and stomach. Cook, wounded in the left side, escaped to his horse tied back of the store and rode to Choctaw City, where he surrendered to Oklahoma County officers.

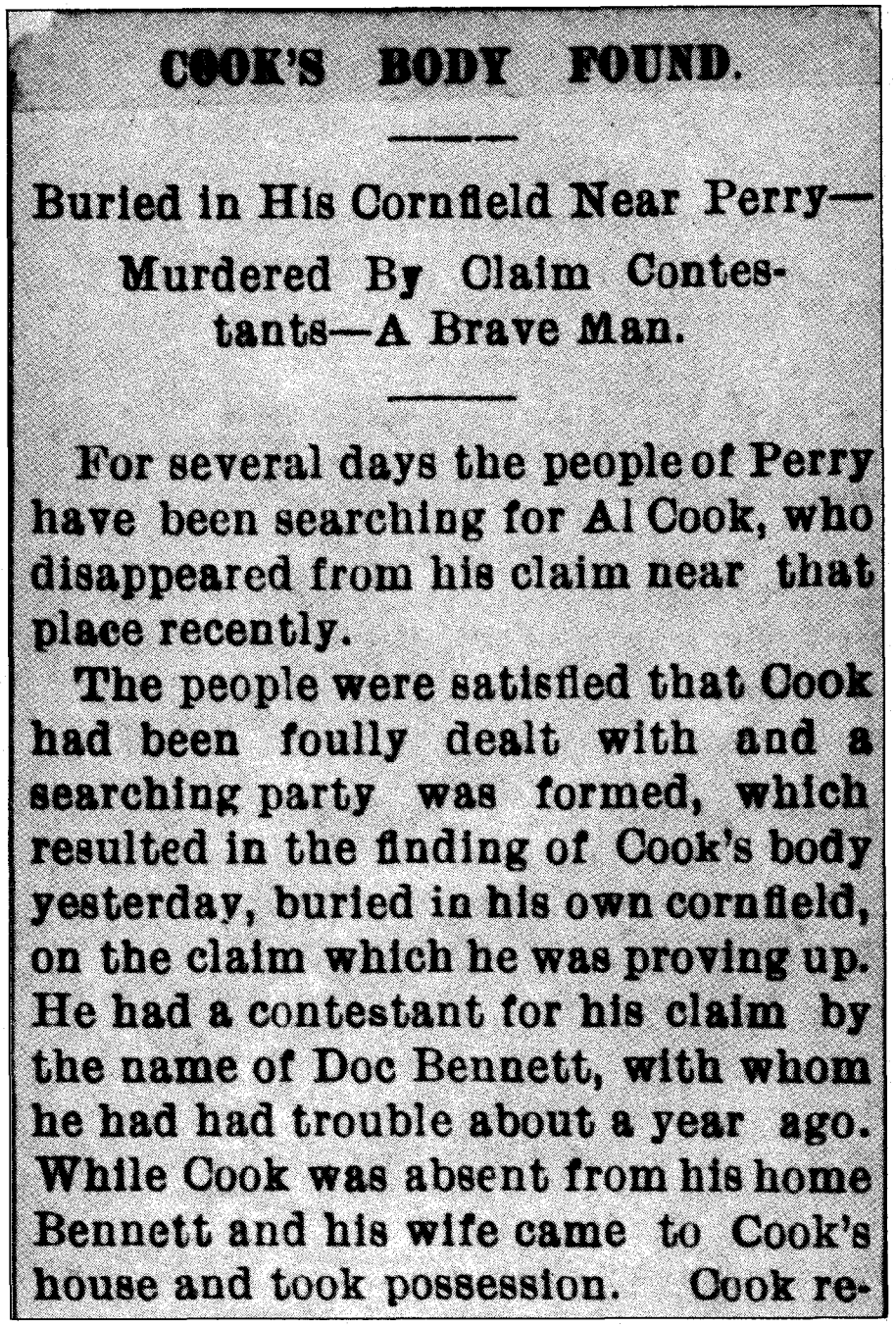
Both men recovered. A preliminary hearing held Cook blameless, and Stutsman stood charged for assault with a deadly weapon.

The day before Stutsman's trial, Sheriff Gill started to Keokuk Falls with subpoenas for twenty-nine witnesses against the defendant. As he drove at night near Econtuchka, five Stutsman men, allegedly including Gill's own deputy Brewer, fired on him. The first volley struck Gill's wagon, and his team bolted into the thick bushes at the roadside, saving the sheriff's life.

No one was charged in the ambush as evidence was lacking, but it delayed Stutsman's trial. Before it could be called again, the Keokuk Falls factions engaged in an all-night street battle. A Creek Indian named Whiskey Bill was slain and several people were injured.

Beaty finally had enough. He sold his saloon and adjoining livery barn to two brothers, Aaron and John Haning, and rejoined Cook at Choctaw City. In September 1893, Cook made the race for homes in the Cherokee Outlet, and later two contestants for his claim near Perry killed him.

Aaron and John Haning were early-day harness shop owners on Grand Avenue and later proprietors of the Star wagon yard on California avenue in Oklahoma City. After they purchased Beaty's saloon and livery barn, Aaron's wife opened a small rooming house in Keokuk Falls. The family was highly respected. Populists won the county of-



COOK'S BODY FOUND.

Buried in His Cornfield Near Perry—Murdered By Claim Contestants—A Brave Man.

For several days the people of Perry have been searching for Al Cook, who disappeared from his claim near that place recently.

The people were satisfied that Cook had been foully dealt with and a searching party was formed, which resulted in the finding of Cook's body yesterday, buried in his own cornfield, on the claim which he was proving up. He had a contestant for his claim by the name of Doc Bennett, with whom he had had trouble about a year ago. While Cook was absent from his home Bennett and his wife came to Cook's house and took possession. Cook re-

Author's Photo

News that Al Cook's body was found appeared in the July 17, 1896, *Oklahoma Daily Times-Journal*.

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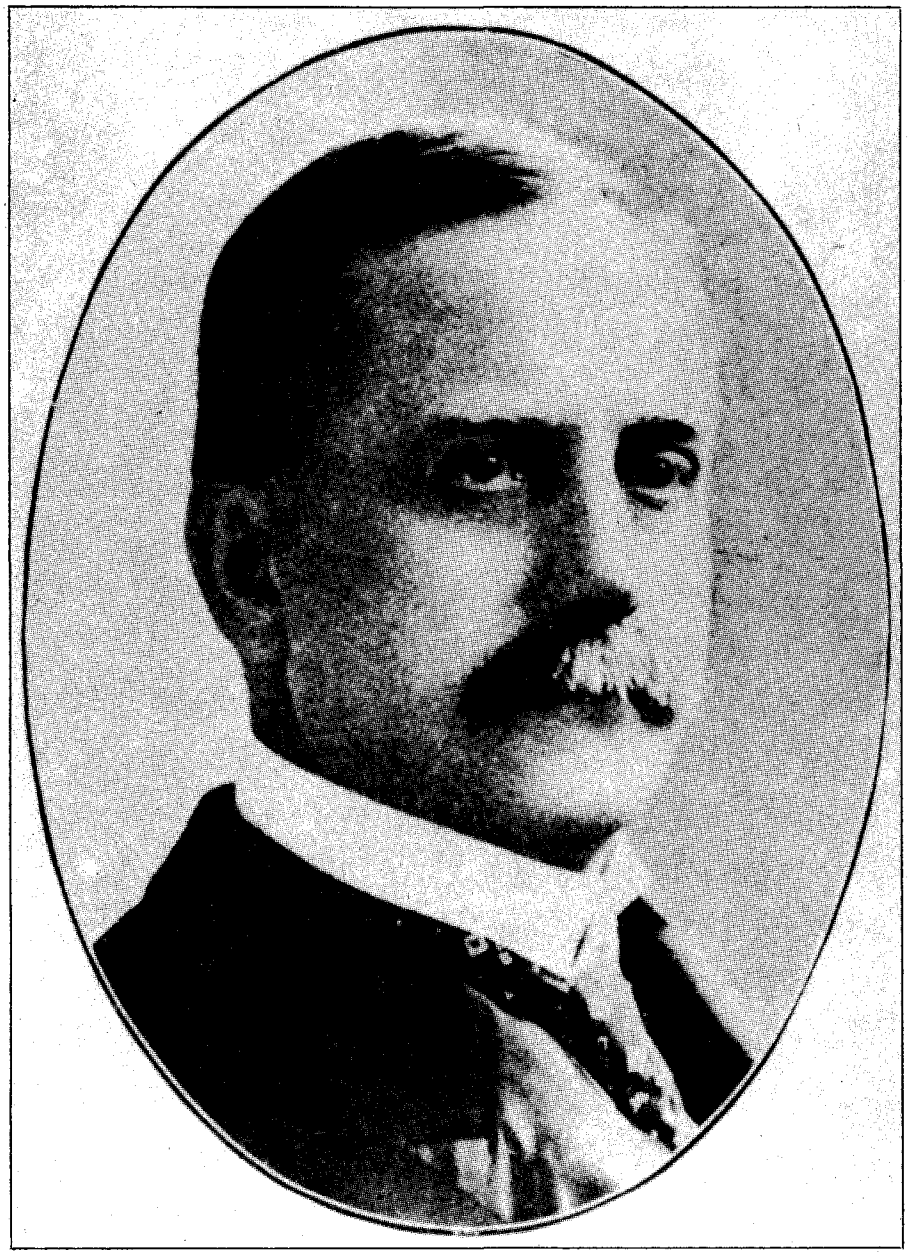

Author's Photo

Horace Speed, Oklahoma Territory's first United States district attorney, then in private practice, defended Doc Stutsman in his two murder trials.

fices in the fall elections of 1894—W.B. Trousdale, sheriff; W.A. Ruggles, judge; and W.L. McFall, county attorney—and the Hanings used their influence to bring some semblence of order to the Falls community.

The pernicious Stutsman did not give up his fight for control of the liquor trade just because Beaty had quit. With his assault charge dismissed, he remained a terror to the populace. The new owners of the Black Dog refused his renewed attempts to buy an interest in the saloon, and he continued his feud with the Hanings.

On Wednesday morning, July 1, 1896, John Haning left Keokuk Falls for Eureka Springs, Arkansas, on business. Aaron closed the saloon around midnight and went to bed in a back room, where he often slept. About 3:00 a.m. he was awakened and summoned to the door. He lighted a lamp and placed it on the bar. As he opened the door, someone shot him in the head.

A Mrs. Carleton, who lived nearby, "heard a voice call 'Haning,' heard the shot and a horse running away." Riders passing the night frequently took pot shots at the saloon, so the woman "thought no more of it"—until hotel owner August Hefling, on an errand to the saloon at sunup, found Haning dead on the floor.

The murdered man was "dressed in undershirt, pants, and socks, with the pants pockets turned inside out.... How much money he had was not known, but thought to be considerable as his business was very good." The lighted lamp still stood on the bar. Haning apparently had turned to escape his assailant "since the ball had entered the back of his head and lodged in his forehead over the left eye." A physician summoned from Shawnee "recovered the ball, thought to have come from a .38 revolver."

Close examination of the wound and two pools of blood on the floor—"one dark and clotted, one lighter and laying on top containing brainy matter"—indicated the victim fell but did not die immediately. The killer, apparently not wanting to risk arousing the neighborhood with a second shot, had inserted a sharp instrument into the bullet hole and by twisting it around had scrambled the unconscious man's brains like an egg. A twenty-penny nail that bartender Al Borders kept on the counter for stirring drinks was missing. Borders found it on the window sill beside the back door, stained with human brains and blood.

JAMES DEAL, who had charge of the Hanings' livery barn, and Will Hale, among the first of many Keokuk Falls citizens to arrive on the scene, found the hoofprints of a shod horse near the saloon door, measured them, and discovered they were the same size as those of a horse Stutsman kept at the barn. Stutsman had made a phantom-like appearance at the scene, and Deal and Hale "noticed he carried a .38 Colt's."

Stutsman usually kept two saddle horses at the barn, but on the night of July 1, he had "only put one in, leaving the other outside." The horse left outside, he explained to Deal, had strayed or been stolen; he had "looked for the horse all night and when he found it at daybreak outside the Hefling hotel, it had no shoes on."

An old man named Moneypenny remarked to the crowd that his son Bert had come home about 4:00 a.m. and told him he had heard the shot. Bert had been visiting the Hosea family three miles east of the Falls. Stutsman at once suggested that Bert Moneypenny "ought to be made to tell what he knew about the murder." He appeared "very anxious" to apprehend Haning's killer, and enlisted two men named Miller and Butler "to help trail the suspected horse tracks."

Miller said they "followed the tracks from the saloon out in the country to where they crossed the river.... Butler dismounted to measure the tracks when

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Stutsman said, 'That's my horse's tracks, and there is no use to measure them.' We lost the trail 400 yards beyond the river, and rode to the Hosea place. . . . Stutsman wanted to question the family alone. When he rejoined us, he said he had enough information from Mrs. Hosea and her son Walter to hang Bert Moneypenny, and he offered to be one of the mob."

Deputy Sheriff Jap Henry arrived at Keokuk Falls in mid-afternoon. At Stutsman's suggestion, he arrested Bert Moneypenny. Upon learning that plans to lynch Moneypenny were under way, the deputy rushed his prisoner to Tecumseh.

John Haning returned from Eureka Springs that night and learned how his brother had died. He also learned that the hoofprints of Stutsman's horse matched those of the horse the murderer rode; that Stutsman carried a .38 revolver; and that he had made an unusually early appearance at the saloon. According to the *Daily Oklahoman,* the Hanings "invariably were up and around the saloon at daybreak and never knew Stutsman to be out at that time of the morning."

Mrs. Hefling at the hotel hadn't heard Stutsman come in during the night, but had seen him leaving the hotel, "going toward the saloon, a half hour before the alarm of the murder was given." Etta Little, who was "gathering breakfast fire kindling" near the Haning rooming house, "saw Stutsman pass." Later, she saw him at the back of the saloon. "He looked wild and queer. . . [and] ducked around the north side out of sight."

Doctor Lucas of Keokuk Falls had examined the pools of blood on the floor before the Shawnee physician arrived. In his opinion, the clotted, darker pool and the fresh one containing the brain matter meant the killer had returned, discovered his victim still alive, and scrambled his brains "between daybreak and sunup."

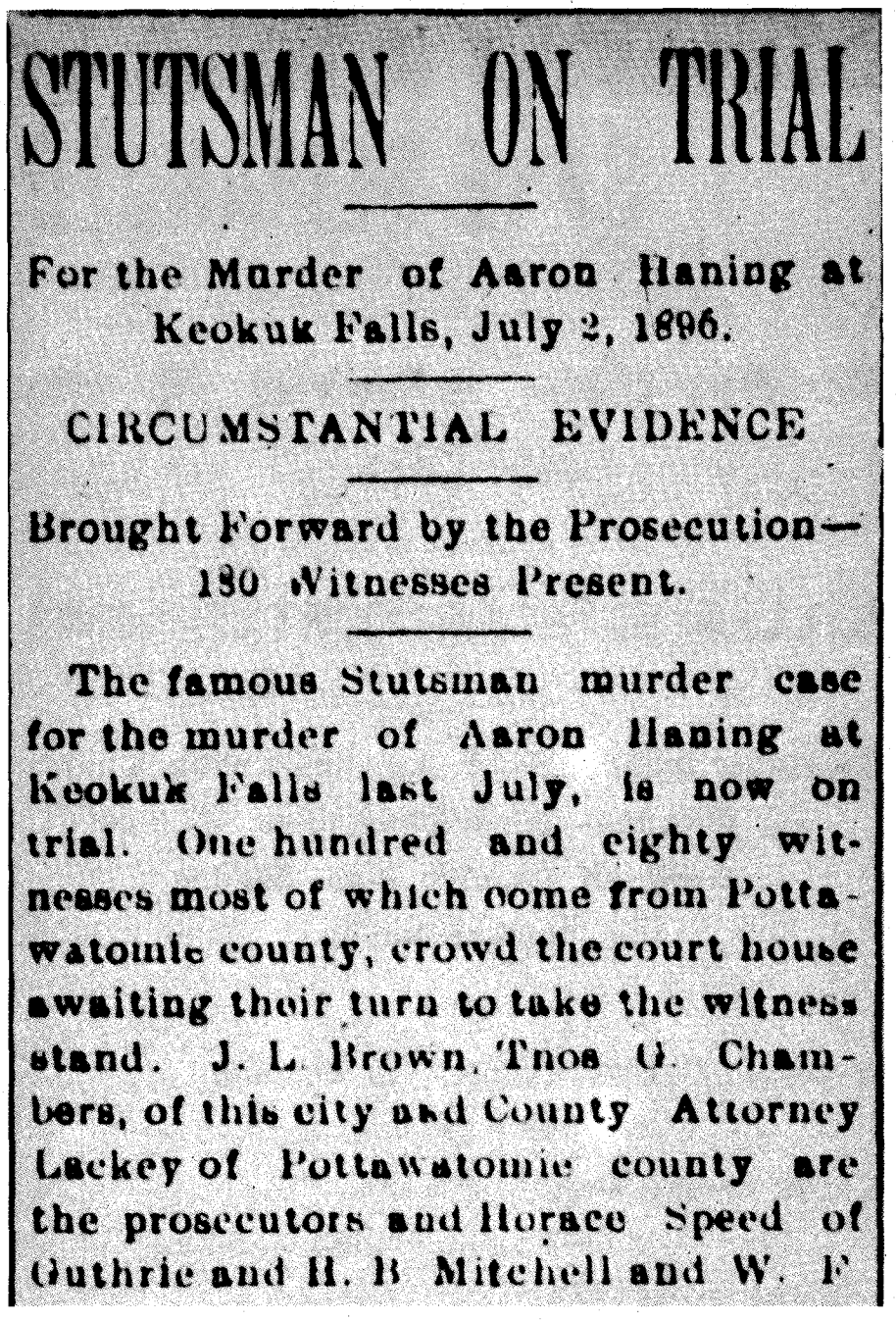
John Haning employed Sam Bartell—a former Oklahoma City detective now operating his own agency—to make an investigation. A few days of "shrewd work" convinced Bartell that Stutsman was "his man."

He learned from Walter Hosea that Bert Moneypenny was at the Hosea home when Aaron Haning was slain. Hosea also said that Stutsman had offered him one hundred dollars to "swear that Moneypenny left between twelve and one o'clock. . . and if my mother would swear the same he would give her $50 more." Mrs. Hosea stated that Stutsman had offered her "aid and pecuniary assistance to testify favorably," but she had refused. Frank Gilbert, a Creek Nation blacksmith who serviced Stutsman's horses, admitted removing the shoes from one of them around 4:00 a.m., July 2. The party who had brought the horse was a Stutsman man, Simon Howard. Bartell took the shoes to Keokuk Falls. They fit the measurements Deal and Hale had obtained.

Bartell laid his findings before County Attorney McFall. A murder warrant was issued for Stutsman and a tracer ordered on Howard. Bert Moneypenny was endorsed as a material witness and released without bond.

Sheriff Trousdale arrested Stutsman on July 15 and jailed him at Tecumseh. Bartell and Jap Henry fired several shots from Stutsman's .38 Colt's through a ham wrapped in cloth and determined the bullets were "similar to the one taken from Aaron Haning's head."

Stutsman made only a brief statement. "I arose early [July 2] to check on my horse. . . passed the window of the saloon where Haning slept. . . saw there was a light. . . went to the back door, found it open, rapped and got no answer. I then started to the barn. Met Hefling at the side of the saloon. Said he had found Haning's body on the floor." Of the tracks followed, he dif-



STUTSMAN ON TRIAL

For the Murder of Aaron Haning at Keokuk Falls, July 2, 1896.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Brought Forward by the Prosecution—180 Witnesses Present.

The famous Stutsman murder case for the murder of Aaron Haning at Keokuk Falls last July, is now on trial. One hundred and eighty witnesses most of which come from Pottawatomie county, crowd the court house awaiting their turn to take the witness stand. J. L. Brown, Thos O. Chambers, of this city and County Attorney Lackey of Pottawatomie county are the prosecutors and Horace Speed of Guthrie and H. B Mitchell and W. F

Author's Photo

The *Daily Oklahoman* reported Stutsman's trial on April 25, 1897.

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fered little from Miller's story, but denied trying to bribe the Hoseas. "I offered to be one of the mob to hang Moneypenny, the object being to make him tell what he knew about the murder." He thought, in light of the evidence gathered, that Howard "could have killed Haning and taken my horse."

Bertha Stutsman knew nothing of her husband's activities except that he had told her "I found my horse." She was acquainted with Howard—he had come to the hotel at 2:00 p.m., July 2, asking for Doc, and had been told Doc was out hunting Haning's killer. Howard, she said, worked at a railroad gravel pit near Wewoka.

Wewoka was thirty miles from Keokuk Falls, on the Seminole-Creek border. Workers at the gravel pit told officers that Howard had quit his job when Stutsman was arrested and boarded a train for Fort Smith, Arkansas. Fort Smith police arrested a man of Howard's description, who gave the name "T. Simon," on July 27. Bertha Stutsman accompanied deputy Henry to Fort Smith to "make positive identification."

STUTSMAN MURDER CASE REMANDED

For New Trial--The District 76 Warrant Case.

SYLLABI SUPREME COURT OPINIONS

Case of Blanchard Against the United States—The Decision of the Lower Court has Been Sustained.

School District No. 76, et al.,
vs.
Capital National Bank.
SYLLABUS.
Opinion by Hainer

Author's Photo

The Stutsman case made headlines again in the *Oklahoma State Capital*, August 3, 1898.

Howard feared a mob in Pottawatomie County and felt safer in the Fort Smith jail. He agreed to return to Oklahoma after Henry assured him of the utmost protection. En route by train to Tecumseh, he allegedly confided to Mrs. Stutsman that, "I just as well confess as Doc probably has told you all about it. . . . Doc and I went to the saloon to kill Haning for his money . . . called him to the door. I spoke to Haning to draw his attention from Doc. Haning turned toward me, and Doc fired the fatal shot. I then helped rifle Haning's pockets. We expected to get $1,200, but only got $11.40."

McFall charged Howard as Stutsman's accomplice. Stutsman denied it vehemently, then dropped a bombshell—Bertha and Jap Henry had shared an "illicit intimacy" since Doc had been in jail. "They're trying to swear me into the pen to get rid of me," he told his lawyer, Horace Speed. Speed, Oklahoma Territory's first United States district attorney and now in private practice, pursued the allegations. He established that Mrs. Stutsman and Henry were "unduly familiar" and had "stayed together" at various hotels. Pottawatomie County citizens questioned Bertha Stutsman's veracity, but "believed the guilty parties were in custody," according to the *Daily Oklahoman* of May 1, 1897.

Stutsman was arraigned before Judge Ruggles on August 4 and jailed without bond to await action of the Pottawatomie County grand jury. County attorney McFall was "very uneasy lest an attempt be made by friends to release the prisoner," and attorney Speed was "very nervous lest a mob should hang his client." Stutsman was transferred to jail at Oklahoma City to end both threats.

Howard's preliminary hearing was held November 23. He, too, was jailed without bond. The grand jury indicted both Howard and Stutsman December 14, and their cases were transferred to Oklahoma City for trial.

Populists returned to the Democratic fold in the Pottawatomie County elections of 1896. W.J. Dickerson won the sheriff's race by four votes; J.D.F. Jennings (father of the notorious Al and Frank Jennings) became judge; and W.J. Lackey, county attorney, inherited the Stutsman and Howard cases from McFall.

Stutsman's trial began at Oklahoma City before Judge J.R. Keaton of the Third Judicial District on April 23, 1897. Lackey prosecuted, with Oklahoma City attorneys J.L. Brown

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and Thomas G. Chambers assisting; Horace Speed defended, assisted by Oklahoma City attorney W.F. Harn.

The trial lasted a "warm" week. Newspapers reported that the lawyers "perspired and were slow with witnesses"; they "haggled over matters of minor importance" and were "repeatedly called down by the court." The defense's objections to admissability of certain evidence as "purely circumstantial" were overruled.

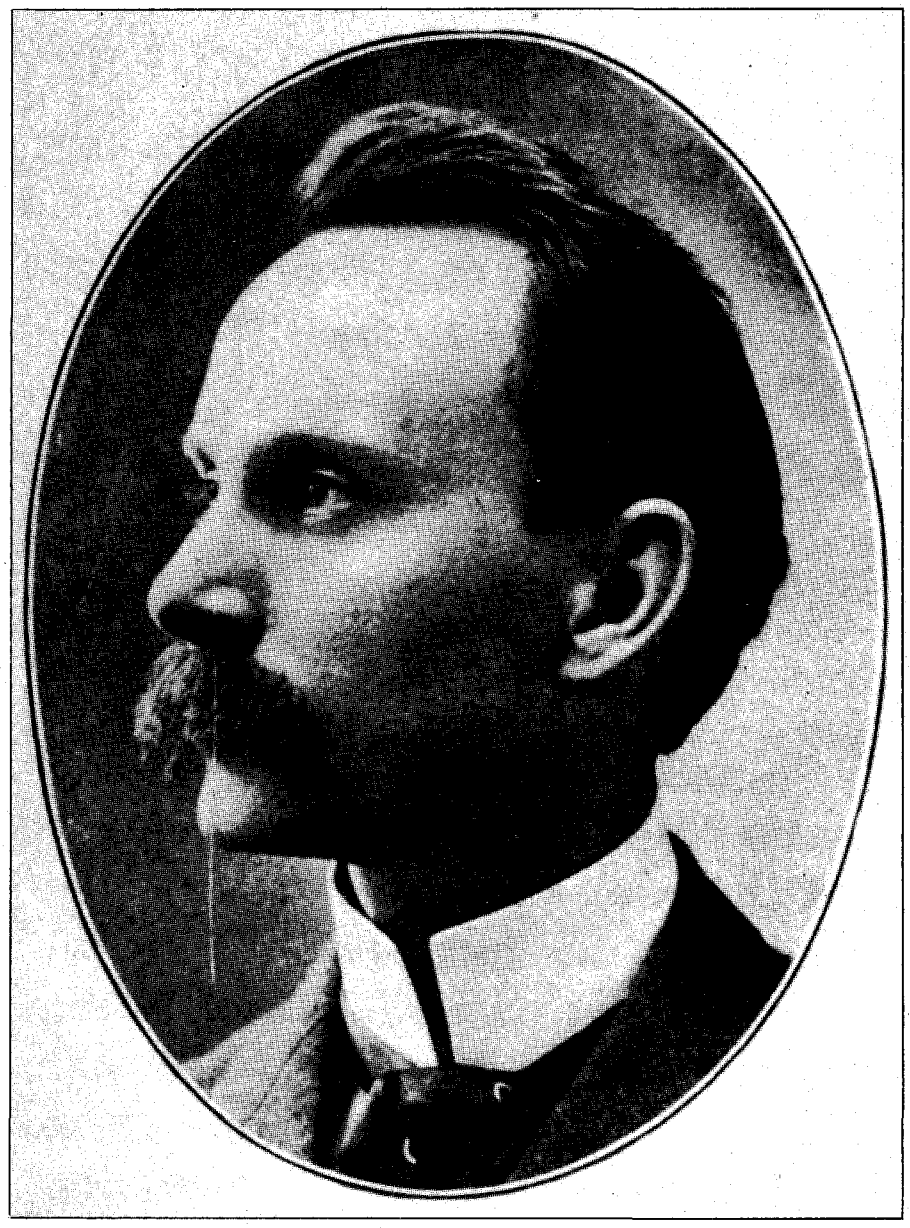
A fight ensued over the admissability of Bertha Stutsman's testimony. The prosecution claimed that she had been illegally divorced in 1892 and thus was not Stutsman's legal wife. The defense propounded a statute that said neither husband nor wife could testify against each other; that they could be witnesses for each other; and that they could not disclose communications made to each other except concerning an offense against one by the other.

KEATON commented that the situation reminded him of the advice English author Francis Bacon gave a friend who asked which was better, to marry or remain single: "Do either and you will regret it," he replied. Keaton ruled that Bertha was Doc Stutsman's legal wife and therefore not a competent witness. Nevertheless, he instructed jurors that if they thought Bertha had pertinent information about the case and was within the legal reach of process of the court and qualified to testify, then they could consider "the failure of the defendant to produce her as a witness... as a circumstance against him."

The jury returned a guilty verdict on April 29. The only question was the punishment: ten jurors voted for life imprisonment and two for hanging. According to newspaper accounts, the defense "expressed considerable surprise"; the court deemed it advisable not to make public the verdict until the jury in the Howard case was empaneled.

The Howard case began Monday morning, May 3, and Keaton "broke the record of long sittings of court." After a brief break at noon, the jury was again in the box for seven hours. Lackey, Brown, and Chambers prosecuted; Speed and Harn defended. The evidence was much the same as in the Stutsman trial, and Mrs. Stutsman's testimony was admitted.

That might have strengthened the prosecution's case except that Howard took the stand, denying the statements of Bertha Stutsman and Jap Henry that he had confessed to the killing. Friends substantiated Howard's presence at the Wewoka gravel pit the night Haning was slain. Howard was acquitted.



Author's Photo

Judge Benjamin F. Burwell, associate justice of the Third Judicial District, Oklahoma Territory, heard Stutsman's second murder trial.

The *Daily Oklahoman* of May 6 claimed, "The action of both juries verifies the adage that a woman or a jury's action is something impossible to guess." The *Oklahoma State Capital* observed, "This turn of affairs leaves the Haning murder case in a peculiar complication. If Howard is not guilty, then Stutsman cannot be, or else the prosecution erred in its preparation."

Stutsman moved for a new trial. The motion was denied. A motion to arrest judgment (not the sentencing) was then made and overruled. On June 10, Judge Keaton sentenced Stutsman to life imprisonment at hard labor. An appeal to the territorial supreme court assigned eight errors in the case, the eighth being the fact that the defendant did not testify in his own behalf and his failure to call his wife to testify should not be weighed against him. The court also ordered that the prisoner not be taken to the penitentiary pending his appeal.

Meanwhile, a special dispatch from Tecumseh to the *Capital* on August 11 announced, "Jap Henry and Doc Stutsman's wife... have left the country together. Since the trial and Mrs. Stutsman's return here, her life has not been above suspicion. Her *armour impropre* with Jap Henry has been town talk—and there were others. Her mode of living became so outrageous that a crowd one night last week visited her place with the intention of making her leave town.

"A volley from shotguns was fired

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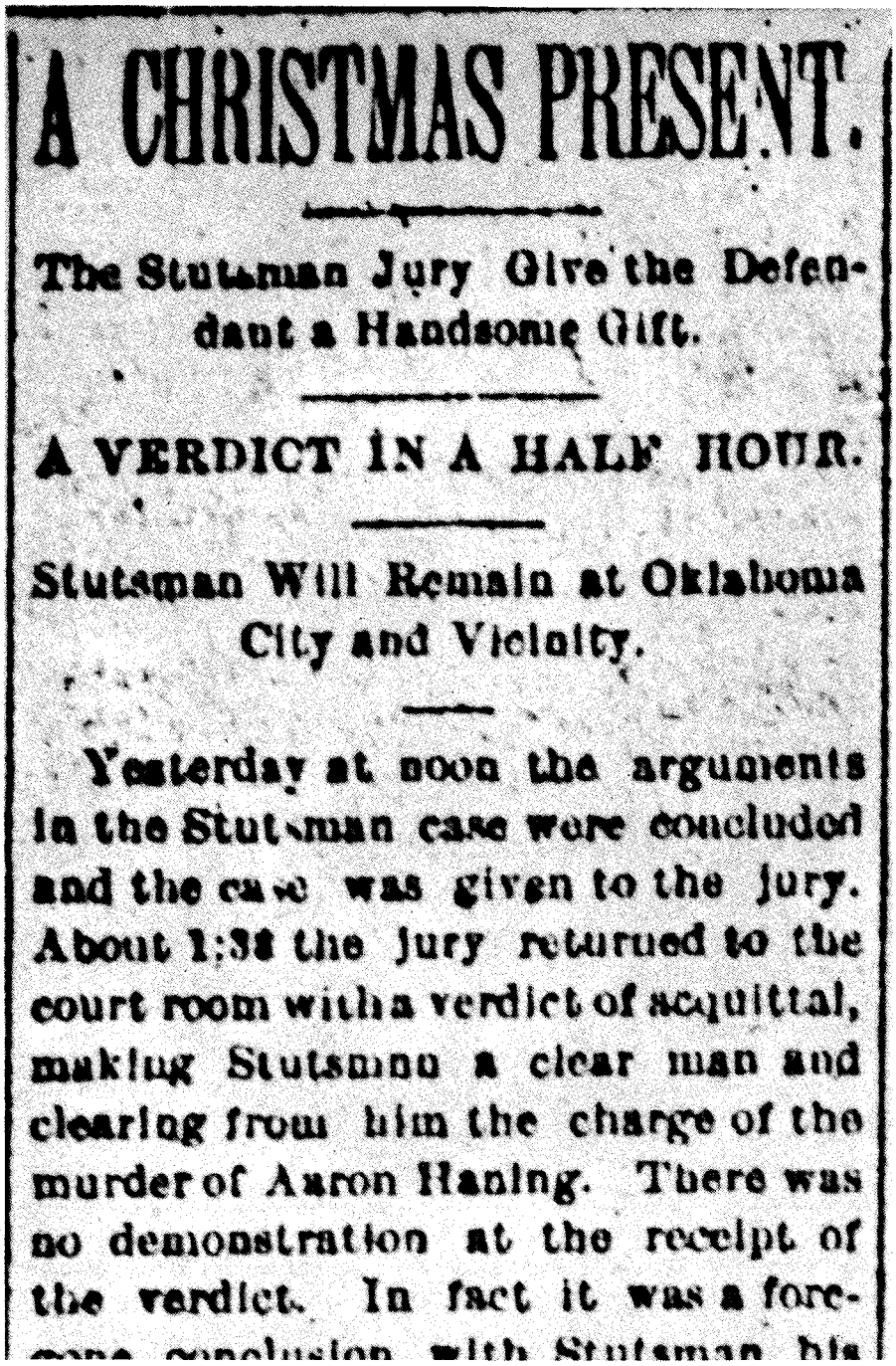

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The Stutsman Jury Give the Defendant a Handsome Gift.

A VERDICT IN A HALF HOUR.

Stutsman Will Remain at Oklahoma City and Vicinity.

Yesterday at noon the arguments in the Stutsman case were concluded and the case was given to the jury. About 1:38 the jury returned to the court room with a verdict of acquittal, making Stutsman a clear man and clearing from him the charge of the murder of Aaron Haning. There was no demonstration at the receipt of the verdict. In fact it was a foregone conclusion with Stutsman, his

Author's Photo

The December 25, 1898, *Daily Oklahoman* found a holiday tie-in for Stutsman's acquittal.

over her house. . . . One charge, however, was fired low, and a slight wound in the thigh resulted to the recreant Bertha. The next night, accompanied by her paramour, she departed for parts unknown." The dispatch noted that the two absconded with a team and buggy from a local livery and with $1,800 belonging to a man for whom Henry was buying cattle.

Stutsman's case was argued before the supreme court in July 1898. The court held that Keaton's instructions to the jury had been "error prejudicial" against Stutsman, and that he deserved a new trial.

His second trial began in Oklahoma City before Benjamin F. Burwell, associate justice of the Third Judicial District, on December 10. The *Daily Oklahoman* reported that, "The long wait in jail has left Doc Stutsman very pale and his natural consumptive appearance would make one think he was in the worst of health." The newspaper also commented that, "The evidence presented a year ago has been more thoroughly ferreted out."

The defense's main witness was a Creek Indian named Ben Davis, who had been to Haning's saloon the morning of the murder to get a jug of whiskey. He knocked on the back door and got no answer but entered when he saw a light inside. There he found two Indian desperados, Israel Carr and Pete Riley. While Haning was getting the liquor, according to the *Oklahoman*, Davis overheard "Carr say something about killing someone and Riley said, 'You must not.'" Davis took his liquor and as he rode out from town "heard a shot from Haning's saloon, and did not go back."

The *Oklahoman* reported that Carr soon killed Riley in the Creek Nation because he feared Riley would tell lawmen about Haning's murder. Carr was later killed by a man he was trying to bully.

"By two other witnesses, the defense showed that Carr frequently made threats of 'doing in the Hanings,'" the newspaper reported. "The defense's evidence went unanswered, and the prosecution was playing for the wind."

THE GREATEST blow came from Bertha Stutsman. Ditched by Jap Henry, and after visiting relatives in Kansas for a time, she had returned to Pottawatomie County and lay dying of pneumonia in a house of ill repute at Tecumseh. When her doctor asked if she had anything to say, she acknowledged that Jap Henry had persuaded her to testify that Howard told her he and Stutsman murdered Aaron Haning. After testifying to the story, she feared that her husband would be released and kill both her and Henry. Her death confession, taken in longhand and sworn to, had been obtained by Stutsman's attorneys.

At noon Monday, December 24, the jury gave Doc Stutsman a handsome Christmas gift—an acquittal. Stutsman, with no particular show of feeling, shook hands with the jurymen, and received the congratulations of his attorneys and the spectators present. He told an *Oklahoman* reporter, "I have been in jail 28 months and have cost Pottawatomie County $25,000, but I will make the cost $50,000 before I am through. My character has been defamed and my liberty unjustly taken, and I must be paid for it."

A friend handed him a gun as he left the courtroom. But Stutsman never carried out his threat. Apparently he had his fill of territorial courts. He returned to Keokuk Falls only long enough to sell his saloon, and like his hated enemy Jap Henry, disappeared in history.

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The DIAMOND KING

By GENE FOWLER

The Diamond King offered to pull teeth free of charge. A line formed quickly, and Doc Lighthall was "busy as a butcher preparing a barbeque dinner for a firemen's picnic, hurling molars and incisors high into the air. . ."

J.I. Lighthall.

Saturday Evening Post, September 14, 1929

San Antonio, December 1885.

The Diamond King emerged from his tent and gazed about the encampment of his traveling medicine show. Brass band cowboys, midway Indians, minstrel singers, and other performers scurried from tent to tent, preparing for the grand procession to Military Plaza for the next show. Some groomed the medicine wagon's horses, recalled by one San Antonian as "dolled up in more gorgeous finery than any circus animals." Others polished the medicine-selling chariot, impressive with its ornaments of gleaming brass.

The showman checked his costume. Wardrobe was important when urging the public to buy medicines, and the Diamond King's outfits were varied and spectacular. He might have been wearing his ankle-length sealskin overcoat and large sealskin hat said to "sparkle with diamonds arranged in designs of large stars." Or he might have been roostered-up in a red velvet suit recalled by another fan as "tailored to perfection, of the old Colonial style, with all the buttons made with $5, $10 and $20 gold pieces," topped by a sombrero decorated with gold and silver, reportedly a gift from the president of Mexico. Whatever his attire, the healer's striking figure always blazed with "what appeared to have been almost a washtub of diamonds."

As the Diamond King climbed up to his "gaudy and highly attractive" wagon, he gazed across the street at the battle-scarred walls of the Alamo. From camp behind the old mission, the caravan made its way the short distance to Commerce Street, where it began the several-block parade to Military Plaza. A crowd gathered behind the rolling spectacle, many drawn by the nickels that the Diamond King tossed onto the street and sidewalks.

San Antonio at the time boasted the usual array of opera, theater, and variety shows, but the best entertainment in town was at the Military Plaza's open-air bazaar, where the Diamond King's company joined an exotic scene perfectly suited for a medicine show. Barkers, hustlers, and pitchmen hawked jewelry, serapes, and herbs by flickering torchlight. Raven-haired "chili queens" sold spicy eats from portable stoves hauled by ox-drawn carts. Strolling troubadours vied for attention with the shell-game operators and silver-tongued "professors." The greatest attraction, many believed, was the dramatic presence of Dr. J.I. Lighthall, the Diamond King and Great Indian Medicine Man.

After his troupe warmed up the audience with song and dance, the Diamond King stepped forward and offered to pull teeth free of charge. A line formed quickly and, as one San Antonian remembered, Doc Lighthall was "busy as a butcher preparing a barbeque dinner for a firemen's picnic, hurling molars and incisors high into the air like shooting stars on a dark night as he extracted these from the capacious jaws of the victims with lightning rapidity. The patients were seated in front of a bass drum pounded with deafening effect while the band played 'Johnny Get Your Gun.'"

Then came the doctor's spellbinding health lecture and sales talk. Everybody in the throng of a thousand or more hearers that crowded around his

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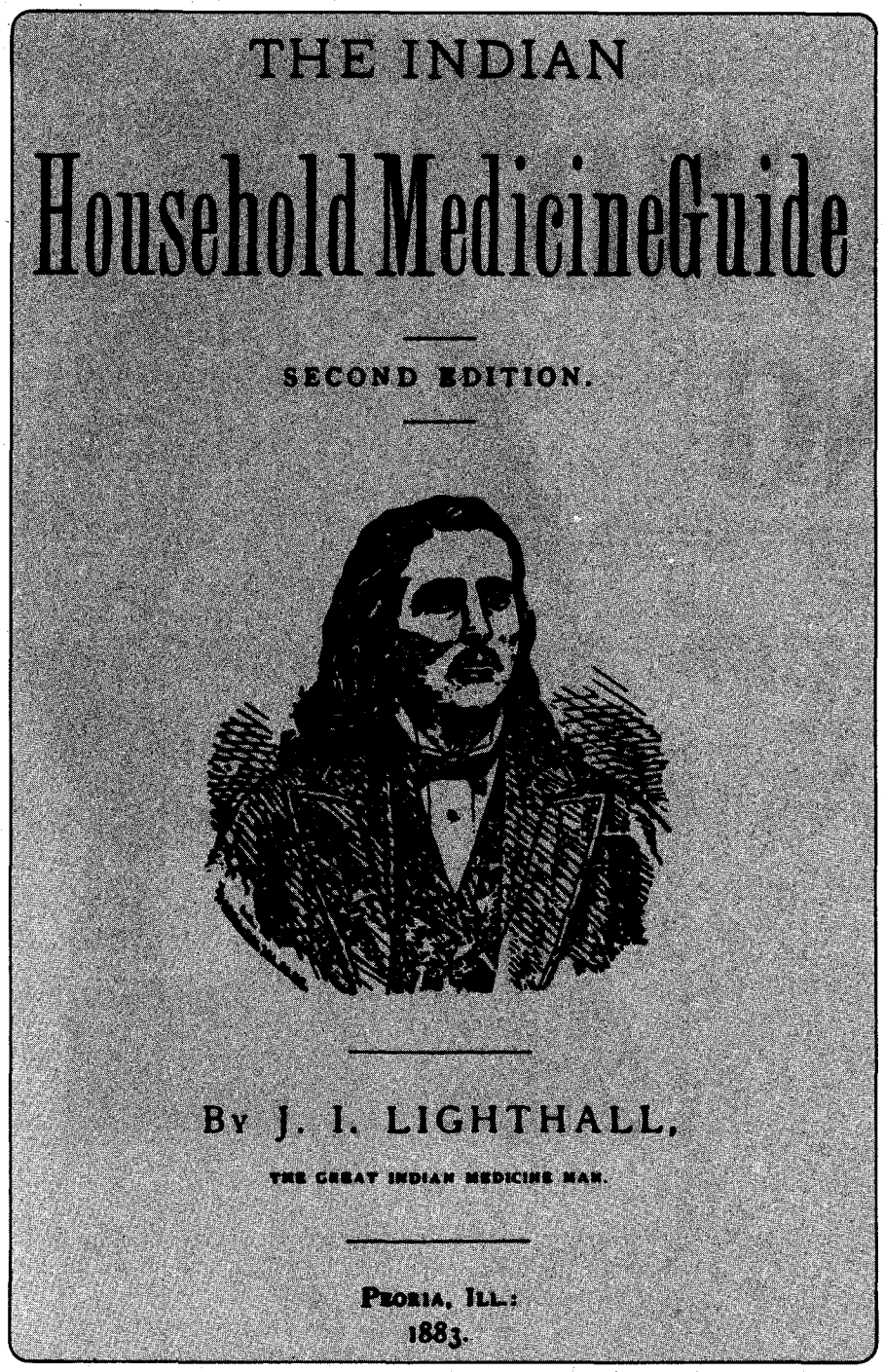

Author's Collection

Title page from the Diamond King's "medical" publication.

wagon was convinced he was afflicted with one or more of the ailments cited and lost no time to produce 50 cents for the small size or $1 for the large size as he wormed his way up to the wagon to part with his money and receive in return a bottle containing a brown liquid that smelled like a mixture of turpentine and whisky." Coins smaller than a quarter were thrown back into the crowd, "causing a scramble like chickens going after corn."

The Diamond King apparently arrived in Alamo City shortly before Christmas in 1885, after he had "astonished Dallas," as the Dallas *Mercury* put it. Lighthall's presence in the Lone Star state already had been noted by a crusading doctor on the Texas-Indian Territory border in his publication, *Texas Quackery,* a statewide roundup of medical mavericks. "While this collection is in progress," wrote Dr. A.W. Acheson of Denison, "there is traveling through the state a person, styled the Diamond King; gorgeously arrayed, with different suits, and on all a wonderful display of diamonds; attended by a brass band and excellent singers; pulls teeth for nothing; also performs surgical operations free of charge.

"His main object is to sell medicine—or in other words—practice medicine. Money is what he is after. He says so, and acknowledges that the diamonds, brass band, gorgeous wagon, singing, and pie eating contests are mere accessories to draw the crowd."

Born in Tiskilwa, Bureau County, Illinois, in 1856, J.I. Lighthall's expected lifespan stretched into the decades of the final closing of the American frontier. An open horizon lay before him, a vast stage for self-invention. According to the romanticized sketch of his life published in his 1882 book, *The Indian Household Medicine Guide,* the future Diamond King wasted no time, leaving home at age eleven with a "youthful ambition to try his fortune in the west."

Young Lighthall reportedly trekked to Kansas and Indian Territory, where his one-eighth Wyandot heritage helped him form "a warm attachment for the Indians." The medicine man claimed to have developed a keen interest in the "vegetable kingdom" at an early age, with a "natural gift for botany and the herbal kingdom." Thus, he was especially drawn to the "Indian doctors, from the fact that they were all the time gathering roots, barks, leaves and flowers." He apprenticed with the native healers, according to the sketch, and assisted their gathering of "Nature's remedies," impressed with "the fact that the Indian doctors never injured their patients with their innocent remedies, and that they soon recovered without aching bones or a salivated mouth." He then reasoned that "what was good for an Indian certainly was good for a white man," and that it was his duty to introduce "the Indian Herbal Theory" to civilization.

Lighthall claimed to have spent thirteen years gathering this knowledge, eventually wandering through Wyoming and other territories "until finally he reached Minnesota with a herd of Indian ponies, there falling in company with a celebrated physician by the name of Dr. Neff." While on a "tour of digging ginseng," Neff encouraged his protégé to go into business. "Taking courage from this physician, he put his knowledge into effect, first by selling his Spanish Oil, or King of Pain, Blood Purifier, Dentrifice, and Indian Hair Tonic, afterwards treating all chronic diseases according to the Indian theory, by which he has cured thousands of cases, and still extends a medical hand of help to all sufferers who may have faith and confidence in God's remedies, that grow in our fields surrounding us,

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our gardens and our yards."

Thus, in 1880, twenty-four-year-old J.I. Lighthall took to the road to vend his miracle elixirs, setting up his permanent "medicine lodge" in Peoria, Illinois. The Shakespeare of medicine-show personalities, Dr. N.T. "Nevada Ned" Oliver, recalled an 1881 encounter with Lighthall in Jackson, Tennessee. As Oliver noted in a 1929 *Saturday Evening Post* memoir, the Lighthall performance was the "first Indian medicine pitch" that Oliver ever saw. "He was among the first and certainly most famous of the longhairs and the buckskins," wrote Nevada Ned. "He called himself the Diamond King, wore a bucketfull of diamonds—some genuine—had a display of Indian curios, sold Herbs of Joy or some such title, and did an office-consultation business, carrying a graduate physician with him to escape the law against unlicensed medical practice.

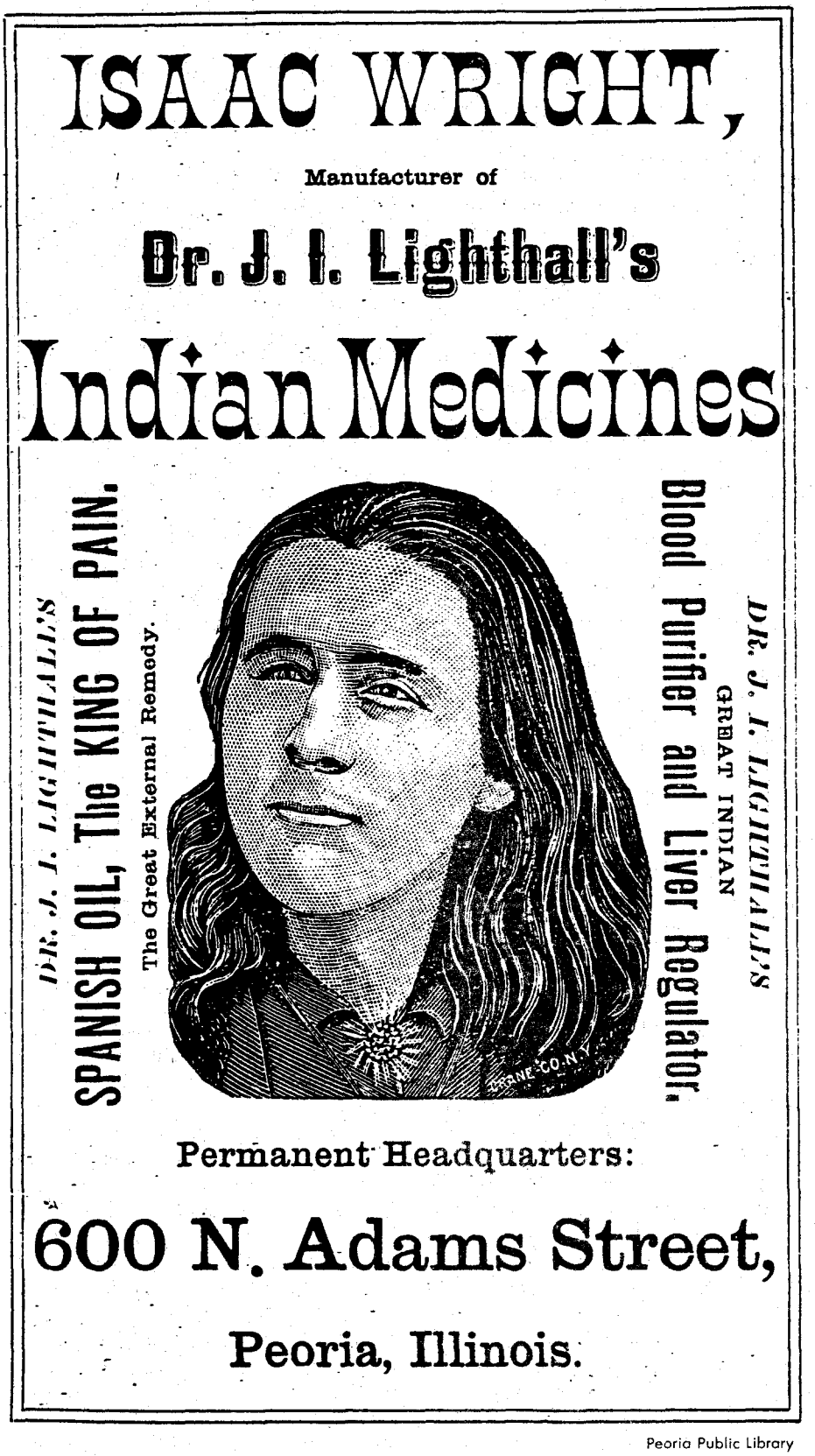
"There was personality plus in the eagle eyes and handsome profile of Lighthall. All our kind were prima donnas and Lighthall most of all. He resented our appearance. 'I've got this burg sewed up in my pocket. Try and work against me and see how far you get with your bean bags [a reference to the liver pads Oliver was then pitching].'

"I suggested that there was room for both of us, that I take a corner well removed from his. When he refused, I took up the gauntlet. Two huskers, both first-rate artists, had come to town that day, playing the saloons. I added them to our show and opened on a good corner a block below Lighthall.

"When we struck up, Lighthall's crowd began to drift. His was virtually a one-man show and an old story by then. The next evening he made his pitch on the corner across from us and his war whoops could be heard on the Hatchie River, twenty miles away. We stayed ten days. After the second night, Lighthall packed up his Herbs of Joy and retired until we had quit the field."

By the time actor George Roberts of Elmira, New York, joined the trail, the Diamond King's troupe had grown to eight men and two women. They lived in tents "on the fat of the land" and "nothing was wanted by any of them that was not supplied." Roberts recalled that Lighthall was "a great favorite with his assistants" and a great humanitarian. "On many occasions when poor people applied for medicine the bottle was handed to them wrapped in a $20 or $10 bill." Most of the medicine was prepared in Peoria by Lighthall's mother and her third husband, Isaac Wright. From the town that inspired one of vaudeville's timeworn maxims, the elixir was shipped in barrels to the itinerant camp, where it was bottled and labeled.

Lighthall's tooth-jerking prowess was not only a great publicity-getter but a source of pride as well. Roberts said the Diamond King advertised widely his record of "fourteen teeth in nineteen seconds without pain" and ran challenges to other dental performers in the show business paper, the New York *Clipper*. Sometimes he would ask the



Peoria Public Library

Lighthall's stepfather manufactured the elixir and shipped it in barrels.

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patient if the procedure caused any pain. When the patient said no, Lighthall would turn to his assistants and roar, "What liars these people are!" as the bass drum pounded in the patient's ears.

The actor also recalled a web of romantic intrigue among the medicine show players. "Dr. Charles Lockwood, a member of the Lighthall party, the title being picked up, became enamored of Lighthall's wife, and his love having been reciprocated the pair fled from the camp, taking a splendid pair of horses and medicine wagon, and made good their escape, finally taking up residence at Binghampton, New York."

Lighthall's mother's second husband, a man named Johnson, "traveled as a detective for Lighthall, and kept order in the camp." He "worked up the case, and . . . [with] Wright, Roberts and Johnson came to Elmira, and after maturing plans, Binghampton was reached in disguise, and by a clever ruse Lockwood was taken out of town. Lighthall then went to the Lockwood residence, surprised his wife, 'Kit,' and ascertaining where the horses and wagon were, took possession of them and speedily drove across the Pennsylvania line, continuing until he joined the camp at Richmond, Indiana."

In San Antonio the Diamond King had to compete with a varied cast of medical performers. Also appearing there during Lighthall's stand were the Yellowstone Kit show ("Top-Ha-Wah, Yellowstone Kit, Prof. Goodson and the Rubber Boy on the street tonight"), a blind phrenologist and lecturer, a traveling physician from the Missouri State Museum of Anatomy, and Dr. Gardner, "the Wizard Oil chief." Dr. Gardner found the city's liberal policy on elixir-pitching was not without limitations when he was arrested and fined five dollars for obstructing a public street after refusing a marshal's order to "remove his exhibition from Military Plaza." A traveling doc from Boston, the "renowned Dr. Flowers," used his special "psychometric" powers of diagnosis to treat a "multitude" of San Antonians at the Menger Hotel. Many of the psychometricized went down to the railroad tracks to marvel at the "magnificent special car" that enabled Flowers to establish "the largest medical practice in the world with branches in every state."

Despite the competition and the bad review from *Texas Quackery*, San Antonio took the Diamond King to its heart. Many were enthralled by the extravagant claims of his introduction in the *Daily Express:* "Tomorrow afternoon

THE DIAMOND KING
Pulls teeth with imaginative pleasure to his victims.
We sell Furniture with
Actual Pleasure
To our Customers.
A Car of Elegant
UPHOLSTERED GOODS
In Beautiful Designs
JUST ARRIVED
And on Exhibition To-day
At Prices
33⅓ PER CENT LESS
Than ever before offered in the State,
ERASTUS REED.

Center for American History, University of Texas
The Diamond King show was so popular in San Antonio that furniture stores used him in their advertising.

the Diamond King will pitch 40 tents at the corner of Houston and Nacogdoches Streets. The camp will remain several weeks and the public are cordially invited to visit and inspect the greatest Indian medicine company ever organized. Teeth will be extracted by the Diamond King daily free of charge. On Monday night he will appear on one of the plazas wearing $300,000 worth of diamonds, the largest collection in the possession of any one individual in the world."

From opening night the show was drawing crowds and receiving booster notices in the press. Sprinkled among the columns of local news, some of the reviews were not objective news reports, of course, but paid advertisements in disguise, a common journalistic practice of the day. On Christmas Eve, the San Antonio *Daily Times* notified the city that "the Diamond King, the great medical wonder of the nineteenth century, is doing extraordinary feats in his nightly cures of the afflicted on Military Plaza. He drew a very large crowd last night and all were satisfied that there is considerable virtue in his medicines." The *Daily Express*'s Christmas Eve edition published a jocular front-page tribute to the show's popularity in an advertisement for Erastus Reed's furniture store. "The Diamond King," announced the ad in large type, "Pulls teeth with imaginative pleasure to his victims. We sell Furniture with Actual Pleasure to our Customers."

An established hit, the medicine show landed in the papers' city pages almost daily:

> We have seen many attractions in San Antonio, but none have drawn such crowds as the Diamond King.
>
> He holds forth at his usual place tonight.
>
> The Diamond King is a great character. He amuses the healthy, heals the sick and infirm, and creates happiness out of misery.
>
> While it may be that he gets his share of the profits, he certainly gives a strong equivalent in curative agents.
>
> The Diamond King has so popularized his remedies with the people that they are asked for everywhere. Hereafter they will be on sale by druggists. Meanwhile the Diamond King is still in the city and appears on the plaza morning, evening and night with a free concert, lecture and application of his remedies to the afflicted.
>
> At the Diamond King's camp several physicians are employed to treat all diseases which cannot be relieved publicly. Blood disorders, as well as other ailments, are cured by the remedies to be found at the camp."

When the first snowstorm in twenty years hit San Antonio that January, pranksters filled the air with snowballs. "The Diamond King was a conspicuous target," reported the *Daily Express*, "as he and several of his staff passed, and the crowd made it warm for them until the Diamond sovereign's watch chain got broken in the melee, and then he and his cohorts sought a snowbank and retaliated with good effect, and were finally enabled to run the gauntlet."

A week later, on January 20, the *Daily Express* observed, "Dr. J. Lighthall, who succeeded to his 30th birthday yester-

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day, was handsomely complimented by his corps and the Spanish band. The gifts and tokens were rich, costly and appropriate, but he modestly refuses extended notice of them."

For the next few days the Diamond King was missing from the news as Yellowstone Kit, "drawing large audiences at the plaza," edged back into the limelight. On January 24, the *Daily Express* noted the medicine showman's effect on the local economy. "Yellowstone Kit, having received an order from Guadalajara, Mexico, for three thousand of his liver pads, a preventive for smallpox and yellow fever, has employed 23 women day and night for the last two weeks sewing the herbs in sacks to be worn next to the body."

That same issue of the paper noted the cruelly ironic reason for Lighthall's absence from the plaza. "The Diamond King is now down with the smallpox, and a yellow flag is now flying from his camp yard." A minor epidemic of the disease had broken out in the city, with eighteen cases and six deaths in the first few weeks of 1886. San Antonians assumed that the Diamond King was infected on the plaza by one of his patients.

Local physicians believed that his case was a mild one. Reportedly, he had already cured himself of a case of consumption by downing large amounts of whiskey, raw beef, and eggs. But not even his personal supply of herbal remedies could stop the disease. The Great Indian Medicine Man of Peoria, Illinois, died around sunset, January 25. He was buried in San Antonio early the following morning. Though one observer later wrote that his "death was deeply mourned by almost the entire city," the San Antonio *Light* reported that the Diamond King's survivors were "looked upon as pariahs in the community, and literally could find no place to lay their heads until Mayor Callaghan offered them a temporary refuge at his ranch." Lighthall's clothing, tent and other personal effects were burned to prevent further contagion.

Editors all over the country picked up the wire story out of San Antonio. Though a Dallas paper referred to Lighthall as a "distinguished medicinor," most panned the medicine showman in their brief obituaries. Sharing space with those reports, of course, were advertisements for patent remedies of equally debatable efficacy.

The Chicago *Tribune* noted the Diamond King's romantic turbulence in its terse obituary: "Dispatches from San Antonio, Tex., announce the death of Dr. J.I. Lighthall, the famous quack doctor of Peoria, Ill., from smallpox. The dispatches are wrong, however, in asserting that Lighthall leaves a wife. The fact is that two wives left Lighthall."

Back home in Peoria journalists argued in print over the controversial figure. One scribe caught flak from his peers for writing that Lighthall "had a great future before him as a medicine man." The Indianapolis *Journal* offered an insightful, somewhat tolerant view of the late showman. "The death of Dr. Lighthall disposes of a very shrewd and money-making mountebank. He was anything but a fool, whatever else he may have been. He had enough force in his composition to hold his crowd of followers, and was a good enough judge of human nature to profit at its expense. He was a man that might have been dangerous had his inclinations tended in the direction of lawlessness. As it was, he was an expensive man to the poor wherever he went."

Estimates of the Diamond King's wealth varied. Most reports stated a figure of $50,000. Actor George Roberts believed the amount much higher, recalling that the show took in over $100,000 while he was along. The Fort Worth Gazette noted that Lighthall "claimed to be worth $1,000,000."

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Many of the reports alluded to the great success of the showman's Texas tour. The New York *Tribune* added a dash of regional bias, smirking that Lighthall had suckered "Texas greenhorns" out of a fortune with his "quack nostrums."

Reminiscing in *Frontier Times* in the early 1930s, San Antonio writer Vic Daniels recalled a variation on the story of the showman's demise. Daniels had been told that Lighthall contracted smallpox in Mexico on a medicine-selling tour. An epidemic broke out and he "quit his business, went out among the people of all classes and administered to them, supplying his own medicines, furnishing hundreds of them food and other necessities, and all without cost." The president of Mexico was said to be so appreciative that he presented the Diamond King with a glittering custom sombrero. "The doctor himself was believed to be immune from smallpox," noted Daniels, and San Antonians were "dazed" by news of the medicine man's illness. Legends of Lighthall's generosity circulated through the medicine show grapevine, and one veteran recalled that a monument was erected to him somewhere in Texas in recognition of his charity.

While Nevada Ned credited the Diamond King with an important role in the creation of a western archetype—the long-haired, buckskinned Indian medicine pitchman—another source credits him with a crucial influence on a milestone western event—the selling of barbed wire to Texas cattlemen. The event surfaced in 1948 in the biography of another son of Illinois, wildcat financier John W. Gates. Nicknamed "Bet-a-million" for his impulsive gambling, Gates showed up in San Antonio as a young barbed wire salesman sometime between fall 1876 and spring 1878, according to most accounts. He soon found it easy to collect greenbacks from cowmen at the poker table but could not sell them on the newfangled wire. According to his biographers, Bet-a-million was sitting in the Hole-in-the-Wall bar facing Military Plaza, ruing his lack of sales, when he caught sight of the Diamond King holding forth with mesmeric salesmanship. Figuring what worked for snake oil would work for barbed wire, Gates determined to put on his own show. He threw up a corral in the plaza, ran a few dozen longhorns into it and proved to the cattlemen that it would hold the animals without ripping their hides to shreds. As the story goes, the cattlemen found the show convincing and lined up to place their orders. Though it does not fit with the timelines of Lighthall's career according to primary sources and was probably a colorful invention of the authors, the story provides a nice mythological spin to the Diamond King's story, making him in effect the medicine showman who fenced the West.

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CANNIBAL HEROES

Tough Little Tonkawas of Texas

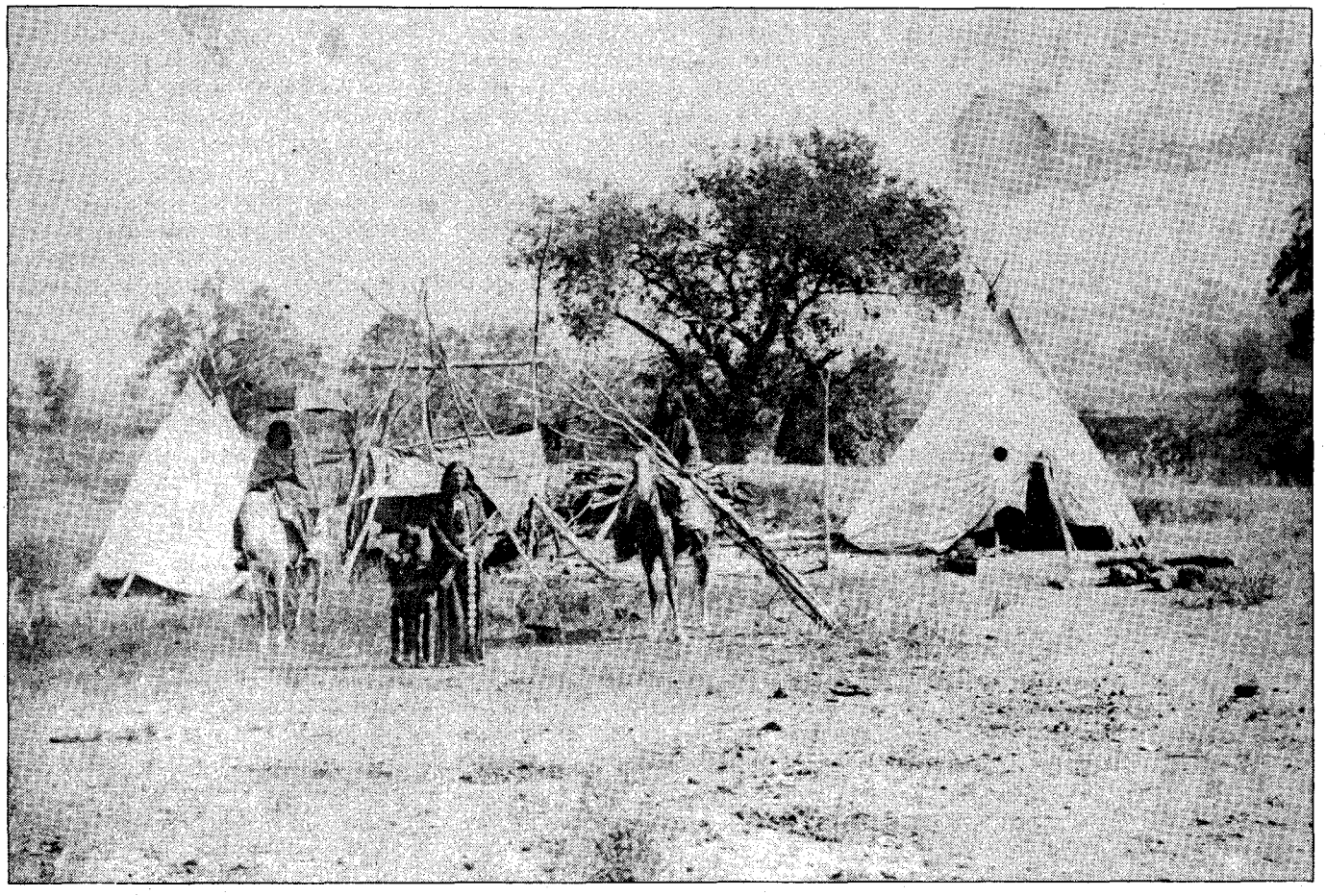
By CHARLES M. ROBINSON III

Mention Texas Indians, and Comanches immediately come to mind. But the Comanches were newcomers, originating in the Northwest and migrating to Texas during the eighteenth century, when they and their Kiowa allies displaced the indigenous tribes. Most of those tribes disappeared, exterminated by Comanches or whites, dying out as their traditional ways of life vanished, or accepting relocation to Indian Territory, where they became lost among the various other tribes. One group held out, however, refusing to vanish until the last Comanche and Kiowa had been driven from Texas. They were the Tonkawas.

An opportunistic band of warlike wanderers, the Tonkawas lived off what they could hunt or steal, refusing to settle down and raise crops. If necessary, they ate things that other human beings would not touch. Thus, they had a reputation among both Indians and whites as idle, degenerate loafers. To the Indians they were even worse—cannibals who ate the bodies of slain enemies.

Yet, the Tonkawas had another side. Don Biggers, historian from Shackelford County, their last home in Texas, reminded that the Tonkawas were "the one Indian tribe that was always the friend of the whiteman, the one tribe that was never at war with the white race, that never even wronged an individual, for all of which the white race with its usual ignorance, egotism and ingratitude proclaimed them the lowest and most cowardly of Indian races."

The word "Tonkawa" is from the Waco Indian language and means, "they all stay together." The tribe called itself *tickanwatic*, which means more or less "the most human of people." The original home of the Tonkawas appears



Lawrence T. Jones, III, Collection

An 1873 albumen print, which, as far as is known, is previously unpublished, shows the Tonkawa encampment at Fort Griffin. The man in the center wears a single-breasted military blouse and carries what appears to be a government-issue carbine, indicating he was one of the scouts which served the army at Griffin.

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to have been along the edge of the Edwards Plateau west of Austin, which ultimately trapped them between Comanche raids from the north and white encroachment from the east. Little is known of their original physical appearance. Most contemporary writers commented on their dress, habits, and customs, but did not bother to describe their features. French naturalist Jean Louis Berlandier, who saw them in 1830, noted only their custom of tattooing women. "One, two or three black lines are tattooed on their faces, beginning on the forehead and running across the nostrils down to the chin. The breasts are painted with numerous concentric circles around the nipples."

Perhaps the only physical description comes from John H. Jenkins, a nineteenth century settler in the area of Bastrop, in Central Texas, who described one Tonkawa as "very slender, indeed. . . much smaller than the Comanches, as well as different from them in form and features. . . ." Although photographs from the latter half of the nineteenth century show Tonkawas after extensive intermarriage with other tribes, they nevertheless match Jenkins' description, showing a small, spare people, with long faces and high cheeks, different from the stocky Comanches and muscular Kiowas.

"Tonkawa" describes a language group as well as the Tonkawa tribe proper. The first contact between whites and any members of the Tonkawan group appears to have been with Frenchmen of the ill-fated LaSalle expedition. In 1689, Alonso de León found two survivors of that expedition living among them. Thereafter, the Tonkawas were more inclined toward the French than the Spaniards; they were among the large group of Comanches and allies who, armed with French weapons, attacked the San Sabá Mission in 1758, killing priests and neophytes. In retaliation, a Spanish expedition under Colonel Diego Ortiz Parilla sacked a Tonkawa village, killing fifty-five warriors and taking 149 prisoners. After 1770, however, an uneasy peace prevailed, largely through the efforts of Frenchmen in Spanish service.

While the Tonkawas may have initially cooperated with the Comanches, the accord soon fell apart as Comanche pressure forced them and the Apaches out of their traditional homelands. Thereafter, the Tonkawas remained in a state of almost continual warfare with the Comanches. Berlandier noted they "live in friendship with the Lipans and at war with the Comanche and their allies. They rarely hunt buffalo for fear of a Comanche ambush. Therefore they live in the bleakest poverty, owing to their indolence, and many of them have died of hunger during the last few winters." Because they feared to hunt, yet refused to grow crops, Berlandier said, "every day their numbers dwindle."

Picture based on Lino Sanchez y Tapia, Author's Collection

Tonkawa Indians about 1830, showing their method of painting the women's torsos. The warrior in the center wears a pullover, probably based on the old leather jacket once worn as armor by Texas tribes.

The Comanches and other Plains tribes nursed an implacable hatred for the Tonkawas because of their cannibalism. Even the expression for Tonkawa in sign language indicates a person who eats human flesh, and the Kiowa and Comanche words for Tonkawa both translate as "eaters of human beings" Although there is evidence that the Comanches once practiced cannibalism under certain conditions, the custom appears to have been abandoned by the nineteenth century, and there seems to be no folk memory of it. Therefore, it must be assumed that each new cannibal celebration among the Tonkawas only strengthened the Comanches' loathing for them. One Comanche later told Colonel Wilbur S. Nye, "The Tonkawas are bad. They eat people. They think human game tastes better than deer or buffalo."

Finding allies wherever they could, the Tonkawas "uniformly manifested a friendly disposition toward the whites, assisting them in their warfare against the hostile tribes, gathering in the scalps and devouring the flesh of the enemy killed in battle," according to Noah Smithwick, who knew them in the 1840s. Smithwick witnessed a cannibal feast when the Tonkawas helped some whites chase down a band of Comanche horse thieves. One of the Comanches, lagging behind as a rear guard, was soon overtaken and killed. After scalping

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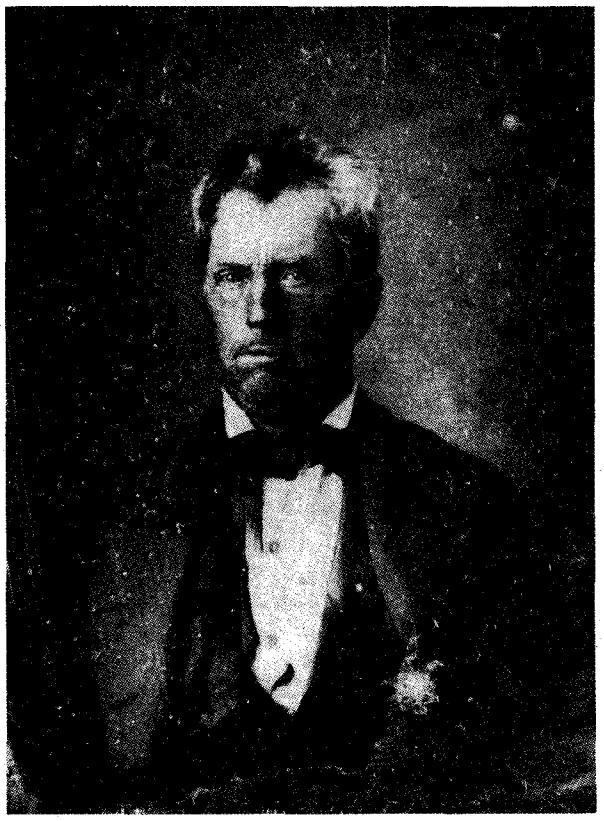

Left: Robert Simpson Neighbors and his wife. Right: General Edward Burleson, military leader and politician of the Republic of Texas, was a firm friend of Placido, paramount chief of the Tonkawas.

him, the Tonkawas removed the flesh from the corpse and borrowed a large wash kettle, "into which they put the Comanche meat, together with a lot of corn and potatoes—the most revolting mess my eyes ever rested on." When the stew was finished, the entire band of Indians gathered around the kettle, dipping it out with their hands and gorging themselves.

After the meal was finished, they napped until nightfall, when the scalp dance began. "Gotten up in all the hideousness of war paint and best breech-clouts, the warriors gathered round in a ring, each one armed with some ear-torturing instrument, which they operated in unison with a drum made of dried deer skin stretched tightly over a hoop, at the same time keeping up a monotonous 'Ha, ah, ha!' raising and lowering their bodies . . . every muscle seeming to twitch in harmony."

As they danced, one old woman would hold out an arm or leg of the dead Comanche, which each warrior "would bite at viciously, catching in their teeth and shaking it like savage dogs." Presumably the whites valued the Tonkawas as allies more than they were disgusted by the feast. There is no indication that anyone attempted to interfere, and in fact, the borrowed kettle belonged to one of the whites.

A similar feast was held at the John Jenkins home when the Tonkawas took the hands and feet of a Waco whom Jenkins had killed earlier in the day. Boiling them together with some beef Jenkins provided, the Indians explained they would feed the pieces of the Waco to their women, "believing that this would make them bring forth brave men who would hate their enemies and be able to endure hardness and face danger."

At that time, the paramount chief of the Tonkawas was Placido, a close friend of General Edward Burleson, military leader and politician of the Republic of Texas. Burleson escorted Placido and two other chiefs to Houston, then capital of the republic, where on April 18, 1838, they concluded a peace treaty. The chief and his band were always welcome at the Burleson home, and Placido sometimes joined the general's sons in pulling various pranks. In turn, Placido was always ready to provide scouts and warriors for Burleson's campaigns against the plains tribes.

On February 12, 1845, Robert Simpson Neighbors was appointed the republic's agent to the Lipans and Tonkawas. His superior, Superintendent of Indian Affairs Thomas G. Western, had conceived a new and innovative program which called for an itinerant agent, one who moved about with the tribes rather than remaining at a fixed agency headquarters. By following that plan and living among them, Neighbors was able to gain their confidence and sit in their most secret tribal councils. Among other things, he learned the spiritual origin of the Tonkawa aversion to agriculture. According to their mythology, the first Tonkawa had been wrested from the spirit world and brought to the earth by wolves. Alone in a strange new world, the Tonkawa had no means of feeding and sheltering himself. The wolves held a council

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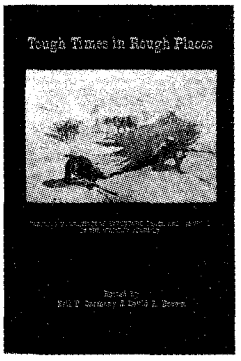

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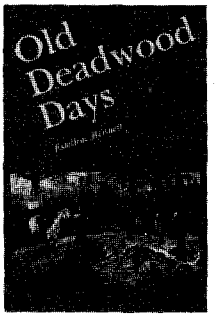

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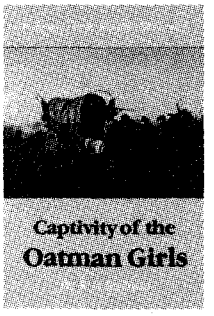

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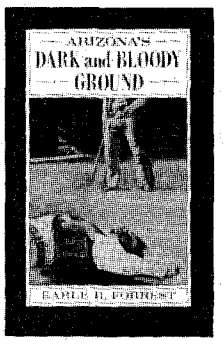

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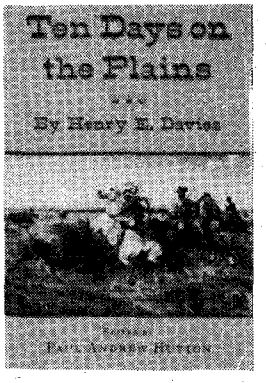

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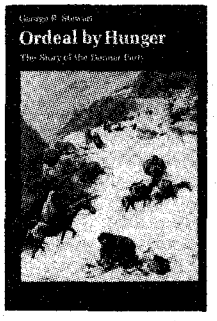

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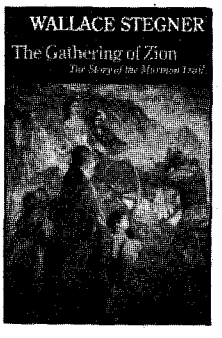

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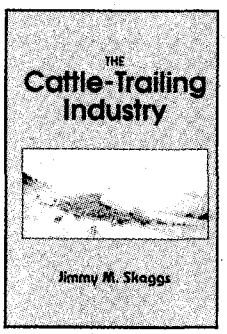

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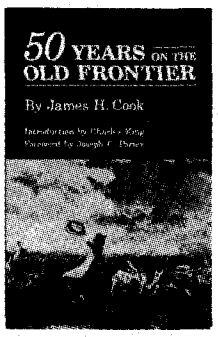

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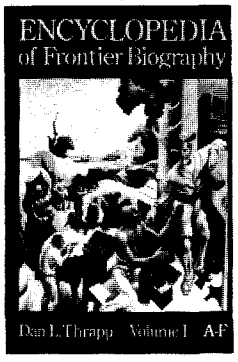

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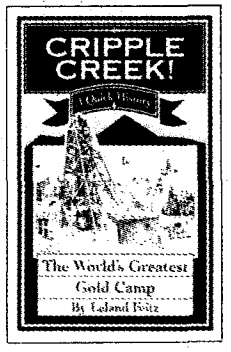

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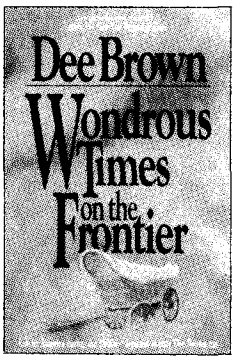

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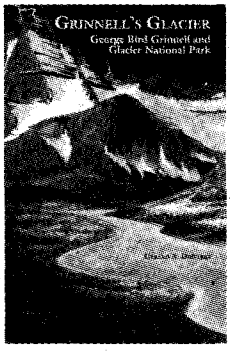

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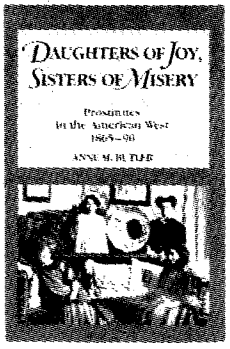

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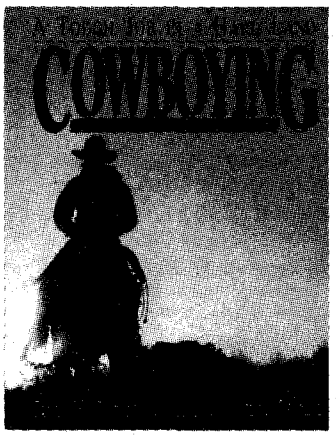

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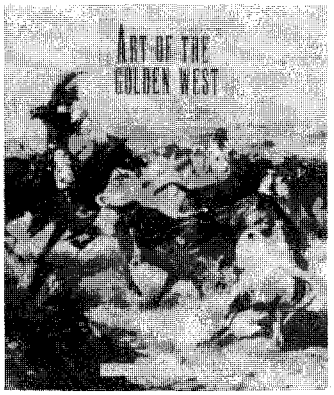

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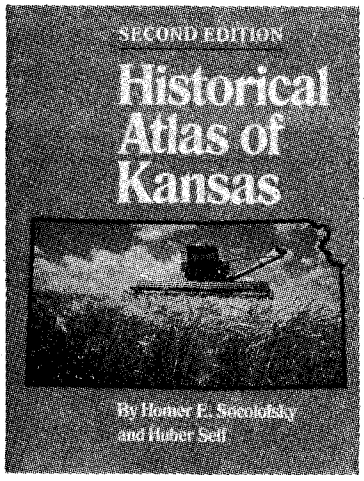

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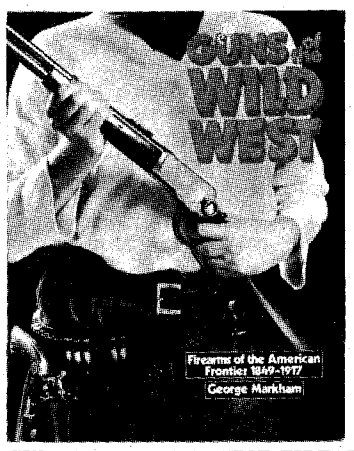

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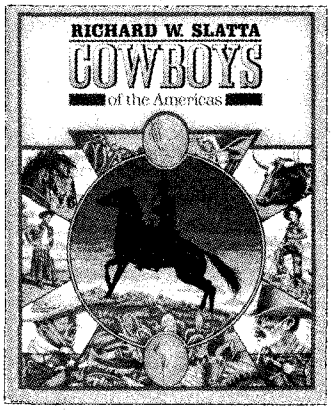

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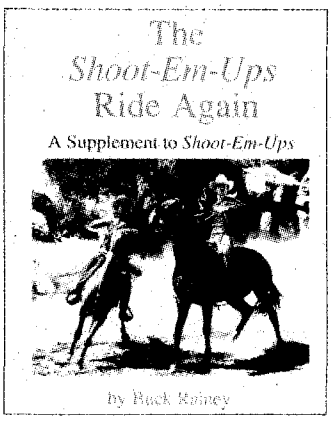

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and advised him to gain a livelihood as the wolves did; to go out into the wilderness, and rob, kill, and steal wherever the opportunity presented. They then placed a bow and arrows in his hands, and told him with these he must furnish himself with food and clothing; that he could wander about from place to place like the wolves, but that he must never build a house or cultivate the soil; that if he did he would surely die.

This myth, which the Tonkawas acted out in a dance imitating the movements of wolves, may explain Smithwick's comment that they shook the pieces of the dead Comanche "like savage dogs."

Despite their belief that agriculture would be fatal, so complete was their confidence in Neighbors that, during his stay with them, he managed to induce many Tonkawas to overcome their ancient traditions and plant crops. The relationship, however, was not always smooth. Neighbors, who remained agent after annexation, once charged the Lipan chief, Chiquito, with killing and butchering a white man. Chiquito countered that it was the Tonkawas, two of whom had been seen with human legs tied to their saddles. He was emphatic about it, saying he would face the Tonkawas with the accusation.

Neighbors and United States Army Major Ripley Arnold assembled the Tonkawas and repeated the charge. Placido urged his people to confess if they were guilty. Two warriors came forward and admitted the offense. They argued, however, that the victim was not white, but German! Arnold refused to arrest the two on the spot, saying Placido and the Tonkawa chief, Campo, would be responsible for producing them on demand. Fearful that they would be unable to comply, the two chiefs fled. Finding no tribe that would shelter them, they finally surrendered. The government held them blameless for the actions of their warriors and let them go.

In 1853, Neighbors was named superintendent of the federal agencies in Texas. He created two reservations, one on the Clear Fork of the Brazos for the Comanches and another on the lower Brazos for other tribes, including the Tonkawas. By now, the Tonkawas had dwindled to fewer than three hundred. An eight-year-old boy, D.A. Nance, hung around them, learned their language, and was generally accepted as a friend. Other whites, however, were not so well disposed. Their opposition led to bloodshed, and to avert a general uprising, Neighbors was forced to close the agencies. In the summer of 1859, the tribes were relocated to Indian Territory. Shortly after his return to Texas, Neighbors was assassinated by a white man who resented his humanitarian policy toward the Indians.

Shackelford County Archives, Old Jail Art Center, Albany, Texas

Johnson, sometimes called Charley Johnson, was generally acknowledged as head of scouts during the army's campaigns against the Plains Indians. A Lipan-Tonkawa, he was listed in an 1881 justice of the peace census for Shackelford County as forty-six years old and a hunter by profession.

In Indian Territory, the Tonkawas, Caddoes, and Wichitas joined with a company of Texas Rangers who had occupied the abandoned military post of Camp Radziminski as a base for patrolling the border against incursions from the Plains tribes. In the summer of 1860, the Rangers and Indians marched north, attacking a camp of Kiowas and Comanches in the panhandle of Oklahoma. After the fight, the Tonkawas roasted and ate some of the dead Comanches.

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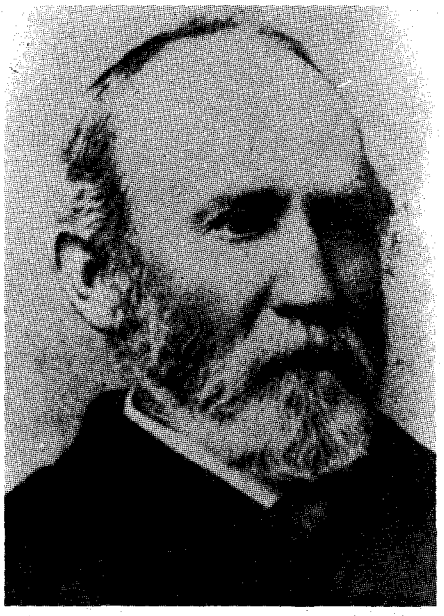

Shackelford County Archives, Old Jail Art Center, Albany, Texas

The Tonkawas were particularly fond of rancher Joseph Beck Matthews. When Matthews had to be away from home on business, some of the Indians would camp near his house to protect his family from hostiles.

The outbreak of the Civil War brought abandonment of the United States military posts in Indian Territory, and the Confederate government took over the agency at Fort Cobb, which had jurisdiction over the relocated Texas tribes. The war created tension among the Indians, with the Shawnees, Osages, and Delawares leaning toward the federals, and the allegiance of the Caddoes and Tonkawas uncertain. Other groups were indifferent, and the Plains tribes were pleased that neither government had the power to interrupt their raids across Texas and into Mexico. The situation was aggravated by internal quarreling among the Confederates on the agency staff.

As early as July 31, 1862, Brigadier General Albert Pike, commanding the Department of the Indian Territory, warned President Jefferson Davis that disaffected Indians might destroy the agency. By September, there were rumors of a general uprising among the federalist tribes, but agency personnel did not take them seriously, even when the Caddoes began holding secret meetings. About 9:00 or 10:00 p.m. October 23, the Caddoes, supported by Comanches, Kiowas, Osages, Shawnees, and Delawares, attacked and burned the Fort Cobb agency, killing two government employees. The Tonkawas, camped south of the agency, heard the uproar, abandoned their camp, and fled east. Shortly before daylight, they halted and camped at a place now called Tonkawa Valley, southeast of modern Anadarko. There, the other tribes found and massacred them. Among the dead was the old chief, Placido. The bodies were left in the valley to be torn apart by scavengers. Three years later, most were collected and buried, although some remained exposed for years.

Reporting the destruction of the Tonkawas (whom he confused with the Tawakonis), Agent S.S. Scott wrote Major General T.H. Holmes, commander of the Confederate Department of the Trans-Mississippi:

> They had incurred the hostility of the tribes settled about them no doubt by stealing their horses and property. The principal ground of the feud, however, is to be found, I suspect, in the fact that the Towaconies having [sic] taken the side of the whites in Texas some time ago against the Indians.

Another reason for the animosity was offered by a Comanche, who, in 1935, informed Colonel Wilbur S. Nye that two Tonkawas had murdered a Caddo boy who was out hunting, butchering him and taking the pieces back to camp for a feast. The massacre, the Comanche said, was in part revenge for this killing.

Of the 390 Tonkawas living at the Fort Cobb Agency, Confederate reports say only 150 reached Fort Arbuckle after the massacre. From there, they were sent to the white settlements of Texas, where they were given shelter and protection. Taken to Austin, they lived on public relief until some provision could be made for them. In 1867, the army established Fort Griffin on the Clear Fork of the Brazos. There, the

Author's Collection

A pair of Tonkawas pose with soldiers, presumably from Fort Griffin. An 1876 survey of posts of the Military Division of the Missouri listed 126 Tonkawas living by Griffin, "some of whom are employed as scouts."

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Tonkawas made their last home in Texas, the warriors serving as scouts and the women as laundresses for the soldiers.

The relationship was not always cordial. In May 1872, the post surgeon at Fort Griffin complained that the saloons of the town "are almost constantly frequented by the Tonka wa [sic] Indians, who are kept in a frequent state of intoxication" in violation of federal law. "Thus it becomes a frequent sight to see Indians, both men & women, in a state of beastly intoxication: rendering it almost unsafe for persons going down to the Flat unarmed, and they generally have bowie knives and fire-arms about them." Earlier in the month, one group of drunken Tonkawas had even fired on an infantry lieutenant from the fort. The surgeon also noted, "The Camp of the Tonka Was is in a frightful hygienic condition & nothing is done for its proper policing."

Not everyone thought the Tonkawas annoying, however. Sallie Reynolds Matthews, whose husband and father were both area ranchers, wrote, "They were a kindly, inoffensive people, never molesting anybody or taking anything that did not belong to them. . . . These Indians were rather socially inclined; they liked to come into our homes and visit." D.A. Nance their young friend from the Brazos agency days, opened a store in Fort Griffin, and soon found Indians who remembered him. His living quarters were attached to the back of the store, and often his wife would look up from her chores to find a Tonkawa who had noiselessly slipped in for a visit.

A Lipan-Tonkawa called Johnson (also known as Charley or Charley Johnson) was generally acknowledged as chief scout. Johnson took a liking to Mrs. Matthews' father-in-law, Joseph B. Matthews, and would often drop by for a chat. One Sunday, he rode up to the ranch to find the family getting ready to go to church.

"Matthews," he said, "you heap scared, get good, go to church on Sunday. Tonkawa no scared, him good all time."

When Matthews had to be away on business, leaving his wife Caroline at home with the children, a group of Tonkawas would frequently move out to the ranch, pitching their tepees near the house, "to keep the Comanches away from Caroline."

It was as scouts for the army, however, that the Tonkawas really proved their worth. In campaign after campaign, they forged tirelessly ahead, sometimes working alone and sometimes together with Seminole-Negro Scouts from Fort Duncan. As Don Biggers noted, "They were never put to the test, as a tribe or individually, that they did not prove their courage." During a blizzard in 1871, Captain Wirt Davis's company of Fourth Cavalry got lost in the blinding snow en route to camp. Sensing the company was nearby, the Tonkawas in camp started yelling. The tribesmen with Davis heard them, answered, and thus the company found its way back to shelter.

Shackelford County Archives, Old Jail Art Center, Albany, Texas

Minnie, known as the "belle of the Tonkawa tribe," was the daughter of Johnson and a woman known only as "Texas-the-Tonk." Tonkawa women served as scouts alongside their husbands, and Minnie's mother was killed during an 1872 military expedition.

In 1872, Tonkawas scouting for Colonel Ranald Mackenzie found a trail that led to the camp of the hostile Comanche chief, Mow-way. When the camp was taken, the Tonkawas began scalping and mutilating the bodies of their dead enemies until Mackenzie ordered them to stop. "What fur you no lette me scalp hemme Commanche [sic]?" a scout named Henry demanded indignantly. Apparently Mackenzie was not always able to control his scouts, for as late as 1874, the Plains tribes accused them of eating dead Comanches after recent skirmishes with the troops.

Tonkawa women often accompanied the marches. During Mackenzie's attack on the Comanches, Kiowas, and Southern Cheyennes at Palo Duro Canyon in

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1874, one Tonkawa woman came across a wounded hostile. In Tonkawa, he asked for help; she killed him without hesitation.

In the end, the Tonkawas received shabby treatment from the government they had so valiantly served. When Fort Griffin was closed in 1881, the government had no further use for them and decided to relocate them to Indian Territory. But if the government did not see the debt, the citizens of the area did. For all their rowdiness and tribal peculiarities, those tough little Texas Indians had gained the respect, even the affection, of the people of Shackelford County. A petition was sent to Austin demanding a reservation at Fort Griffin. Among other things, it sought not less than 3,000 acres of land and $10,000 for fencing, house construction, farming implements, and food and clothing, to support them for two years until they could become self-sufficient. "This is a step that should have been taken long ago," the local newspaper declared. "There is no tribe of Indians that have as just claims upon the people as the Tonks, and they have received less than all others."

THE PETITION was to no avail. In 1884, the Tonkawas were ordered to Indian Territory, where the federal government had established a fifteen-square-mile reservation. By then, the total population was ninety-two, including several Lipans who lived with them. They were taken to Albany and put on the train to Cisco, where Mrs. J.W. Eaheart saw them waiting for the train to the territory, the women picking lice out of the children's hair.

On the reservation near Ponca City, the population continued to dwindle. By 1908, there were only forty-eight, including several Lipans who had intermarried with them. That same year, Biggers said they were "dying of old age and contracted ailments, a birth among them being rare." In 1944, the Indian Bureau noted a slightly higher number, fifty-six, but acknowledged that they included Lipans. Some were reported in Coahuila in the 1920s, and may survive there yet. Today this most steadfast of Texas tribes, located for more than a century in an alien land, maintains a tribal headquarters near Tonkawa, Oklahoma, although in November 1992, Fort Sill Museum Director Towanda Spivey expressed doubts as to whether any of the remaining Tonkawas are full-blooded.

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Yukon Food Drive

By CHERYL LANDES

At the height of the Klondike gold rush in July 1897, the Reverend Sheldon Jackson, the first agent of the United States Bureau of Education in Alaska, traveled from Teller Station on the Seward Peninsula to Dawson City, Yukon. When he returned to Teller Station, a rumor that famine would strike soon started in Alaska and then spread to the lower United States.

The story predicted that an estimated 4,000 to 5,000 prospectors in Dawson City and Circle City might starve before the next winter ended because the Yukon River, the main supply route, would be useless after it froze. Just who started the rumor remains uncertain, but most sources attribute it to Jackson. Regardless, Jackson believed impending starvation was a real problem, and he asked Congress for the money needed to deliver freight from the Alaskan coast to the Yukon with harness-broken reindeer imported from Scandinavia.

In December 1897, Congress passed a bill giving the War Department $200,000 to accomplish the task. Secretary of War Russell Alger asked Jackson to purchase five hundred reindeer, sleds, reindeer moss, and harnesses. Two hundred head would be given to the War Department in Alaska for surveying and scientific studies; the miners would receive the remaining three hundred. Alger also wanted Jackson to go to Norway and hire drivers to care for the herd.

University of Washington, Northwest Collection, Seattle, Washington

Reindeer and herders in Alaska, date unknown.

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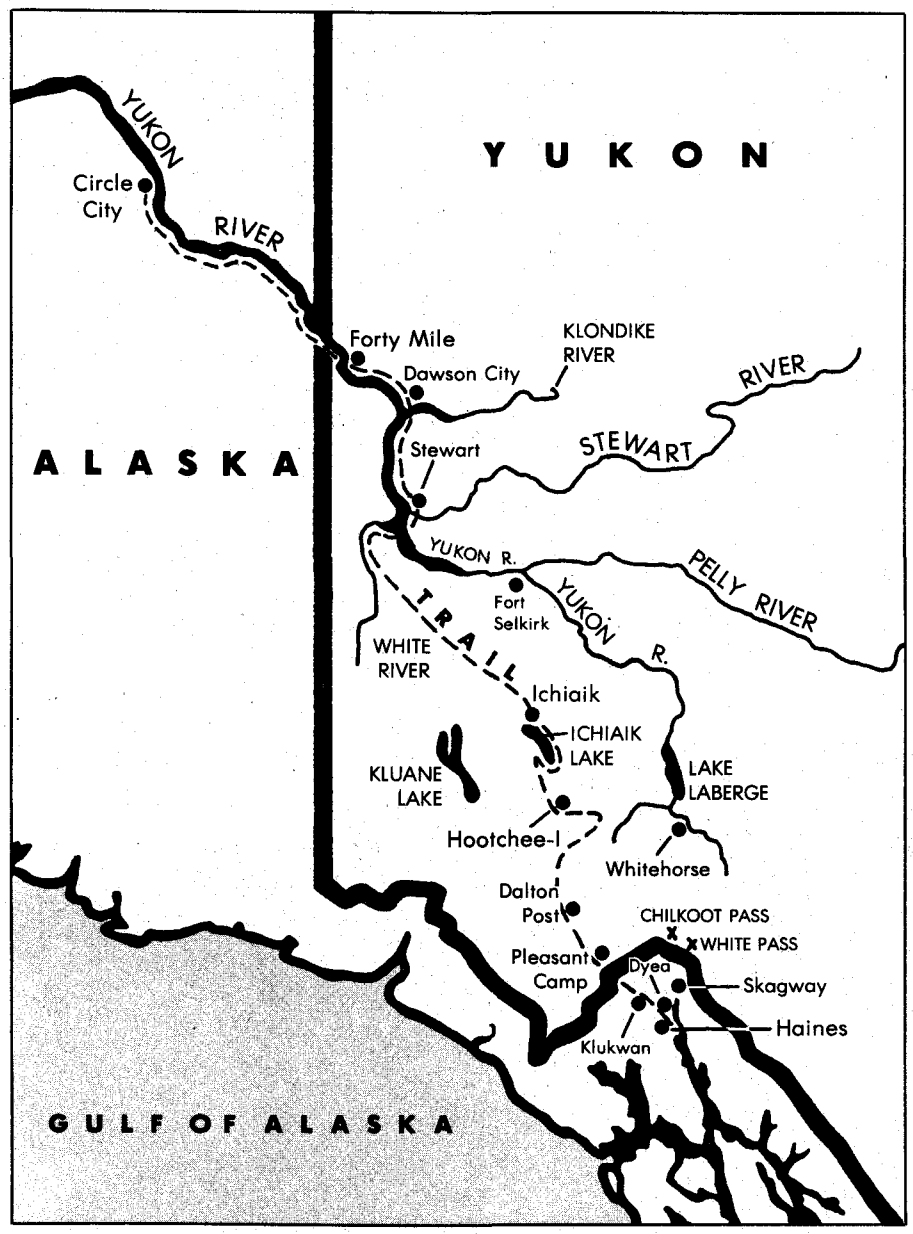

Reindeer drive route from Haines to Circle City, March 1898 to February 1899.

For twenty-three days, passengers endured crowded, uncomfortable conditions. Rain and snow forced them into their quarters, a poorly-lit room in the bottom deck's steerage area. Most of the deer stayed on the upper deck, and the precipitation caused urine and dung to leak into the lower two decks.

Jackson was no stranger to coordinating reindeer drives, but his earlier efforts were on a much smaller scale. His interest started as a guest aboard the Coast Guard cutter *Bear* in 1890, when he overheard officers mention that the Alaskan Eskimos were starving due to a lack of game. Arctic whaling fleets were rapidly destroying whales and walruses and introducing whiskey and disease. The Eskimos' other food source, wild reindeer and caribou, had been wiped out from northwestern Alaska Territory by white settlers' firearms.

The conversation gave Jackson an idea. He would import deer from Siberia and teach the Eskimos how to raise them. To fund the project, he asked for help from Congress. When the government was not interested, he turned to private subscriptions. By the summer of 1891 he had managed to raise $2,150, which he used to buy twenty deer, hire Siberian herders, and begin training. Eskimos who successfully completed the five-year program would receive their own herds. In 1892 Congress decided the project was successful and began providing annual funding.

As the operation grew, Jackson found it harder to buy reindeer from Siberia. The Siberians did not want to sell live animals when they could get more money for the skins. Jackson's trainers did not work out, either; they were sullen, disobedient, and temperamental. One moody employee killed a deer by stamping on its head. The problems prompted Jackson to write a correspondent, "It is our intention to try to secure the services of several young married Laplanders, who would be willing and competent to take charge of the herds and teach the young Eskimos their care and management."

In 1893, the Reindeer Service became an official agency of the Department of Interior, and Jackson was appointed director. He hired William Kjellman, a thirty-seven-year-old Norwegian immigrant and naturalized American citizen, to work as an agent in Scandinavia. Kjellman had formerly been a herder and reindeer supply salesman who knew Norwegian, Finnish, English, and Lapp dialects.

When Congress passed the 1897 bill to furnish Yukon miners with food, Kjellman was already in Norway. Jackson asked him to purchase supplies and hire herders as quickly as possible. The task would not be easy. The most difficult challenge was finding men willing to travel to a new, unfamiliar land. As a result, Kjellman had to make some concessions. Some potential employees accepted his offer on the condition that they could marry their sweethearts and take them to Alaska. Those who were already married wanted to bring their wives and children. Personal bills had to be paid because the herders would probably be gone for a very long time—possibly a lifetime. The ensuing farewell parties seemed practically endless.

When all the arrangements were settled, preparations for the journey began. The herders put 538 deer, sleds, harnesses, and 250 tons of moss into a warehouse near the village dock in Trondjeim, Norway, and waited for the steamer *Manitoban* to arrive.

The *Manitoban* had to be anchored offshore because it could not be tied to the tiny dock in such shallow water. Barges carried the supplies, deer, and passengers to the ship. The barges were so small that only one deer could be

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Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma, Washington

Some of the Laplanders who made the 1898 trek to the United States to herd the reindeer.

moved at a time. The herders worked as longshoremen from early morning until after seven o'clock that evening with only one break, a brief lunch. By night, they were too tired to continue. The next morning they returned to work, and by dinnertime, everything was loaded, including the passengers—seventy-two men, nineteen women, and twenty-six children.

At four o'clock the next morning, February 4, 1898, the vessel got underway. For the next twenty-three days, passengers endured crowded, uncomfortable conditions. Rain and snow forced them into their quarters, a poorly-lit room in the bottom deck's steerage area used for sleeping, cooking, and eating. Most of the deer stayed on the upper deck, and the continuous precipitation caused urine and dung to leak into the lower two decks. Children fearing the dark and parents worrying about uncertain futures became violently seasick. One of the herders, Carl Sacariasen, kept a diary of the voyage and wrote that the sounds and odors were too much for him. He slept with the deer in spite of the bad weather.

When the vessel arrived in New York City, the passengers were rushed through immigration and loaded on trains to Seattle. By the time the trains reached Ohio, Secretary of War Alger had learned that the Yukon miners were not and never had been in danger of starving. But because the project had proceeded so far, he could not stop it.

Meanwhile, the herders became celebrities. Newspapers reported on the cross-country trip, and curious crowds waited at the train stations to greet them. When the trains stopped for the night and one of the herders stepped outside to look around, he was generally overcome by the friendly mob. Spectators climbed on boxes to peep into the sleeping cars.

During the trip, Sacariasen wrote that American women were "nervy" and "forward." Some tried to take pieces of clothing, especially the long-tasseled Lapp caps. Others pushed calling cards into the herders' hands or tried to cut locks of their blonde hair.

Despite Sacariasen's complaints, the men enjoyed the attention, but they were also frustrated because they could not understand English. That changed when they arrived in Seattle. People of Norwegian descent from Ballard, a community north of downtown Seattle, could talk to them. One of them, Hedly Redmyer, could also speak Finnish, a language the Lapps understood. Redmyer was later hired to join the herders on the journey to the Yukon.

While the herders waited at their Woodland Park camp for a ship to take them to Alaska, more problems developed. The War Department placed Major W.R. Abercrombie in charge of

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Reindeer await transport to Alaska at Woodland Park in Seattle, 1898.

the expedition. He knew nothing about caring for deer and would not allow Kjellman to give him advice. Abercrombie assumed the deer would eat the grass in Woodland Park, so he sent the moss to storage and ordered the herders to let the deer graze. The deer did not like the grass and refused to eat it. Compounding problems, the layover in Seattle lasted longer than expected because Abercrombie failed to charter a ship.

Frustrated by the major's command, Kjellman resigned. When the secretary of the interior dismissed Abercrombie and replaced him with Jackson, Kjellman reconsidered. Jackson immediately chartered the sailing ship *Seminole,* which left for Alaska on March 17, 1898. The tugboat *Sea Lion* towed the *Seminole* all the way from Seattle to Haines.

When the *Seminole* docked in Haines ten days later, army officials had not received any orders and did not know the reindeer and herders were coming. The army's inability to make quick decisions, along with delays caused by bad weather, proved disastrous. On March 29, the spring thaw began, preventing the herders from driving the animals over the ice. No moss was left, and the reindeer were starving.

". . . I had to send back the Yukon stove and the best tents for they were too heavy and difficult to pack on the reindeer. I chose the smallest tent to take along. I took this tent and sewed the top in a point, like an Indian tepee. Thus we could have a small fire in the tent and cook our food and at the same time dry our clothes."

Jackson stepped in again. He sent the women and children to a mission on the Bering Coast and told the men to start moving all the reindeer to Circle City. By then, however, the deer were weak and some began dying. More died on the trail.

The soft snow, still five to six feet deep in many spots, made travel difficult, but Kjellman and his men managed to find a crag where the deer could eat moss off the trees. There was not enough food there for the deer to regain much strength, however, and more died. The army still had not decided whether they wanted to keep their 200 animals, so Kjellman returned to Haines Mission to press the matter. The army did not respond, but Kjellman did receive permission to cut the number of herders to two Norwegians and twelve Lapps. Provisions would last longer with a smaller group.

On April 8, Kjellman hired eight Indians to carry supplies twenty miles up the Chilkat River while the herders

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drove the reindeer into the mountains. In a letter to the editor of the Norwegian publication, *Skandinaven,* dated June 5, 1899, Redmyer recalled the experience. "Well, this was a fine expedition! The reindeer were in such poor condition that they could not walk; and it rained every day—the snow would soon disappear. It didn't look promising to set out on the journey. Finally we got all our things to the foot of a high mountain on which the reindeer were grazing. . . . On the 12th of May we began to carry our things up (the reindeer were still too weak to pack supplies). We had a hundred pounds on our backs, and with that load we were to ascend a mountain eight or ten thousand feet high. On the 15th of May I counted the reindeer and found only 164 alive. Many had died on the mountain from sickness, caused by hunger."

About a month later, the surviving deer had regained enough strength to carry packs. Forty-five animals were needed, and after the herders caught them, "the fun began," Redmyer wrote. "I have never seen such a dance as the Lapps and the reindeer had, when the reindeer got its pack on."

In July, the herders spent more time chasing the reindeer than keeping them on the trail because the animals preferred the glaciers over the summer heat. As soon as temperatures cooled, the herders drove the deer along the Dalton Trail to the Mendenhall River. They bought more supplies at Dalton Post and continued following the trail, "for it had become much colder and besides we found moss for the reindeer in the woods," Redmyer recalled. "For miles the forest had recently burned and the trees had fallen in a tangled mass. Through this we had to chop our way. We had to traverse long marshes which were trodden by all the oxen that were sent in to the Klondike."

ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1898, they arrived at Hoodchee-I, an Indian village. After stocking up on supplies, they took the Selkirk Trail to Ichiaik Lake and followed the mountains toward Circle City.

Snows began in October, and the herders were not prepared for an Alaskan winter. "The Lapps had sent most of their reindeer-skin clothes to St. Michael, and what little outfit I had was almost worn out while being transported on the backs of the reindeer in the heat of the summer, since we had to use the reindeer-skin coat under the pack saddles," Redmyer wrote. "Too, I had to send back the Yukon stove and the best tents for they were too heavy and difficult to pack on the reindeer. I chose the smallest tent to take along. I took this tent and sewed the top in a point, like an Indian tepee. Thus we could have a small fire in the tent and cook our food and at the same time dry our clothes."

They finally reached Dawson City on January 27, 1899. The miners offered to buy the whole herd at $300 apiece for fresh meat, but the herders had to refuse the offer. If they had been able to sell the animals to a local butcher shop, they could have received approximately $50,000, which would have covered most of the expedition's expenses.

FOR THE NEXT ten months, the herders moved the reindeer down the Yukon River to Circle City. Stories disagree on what happened after they arrived. One account states that P.C. Richardson, who had a contract for the new mail route from St. Michaels to the Dawson goldfields, planned to buy part of the herd. When that did not happen, the deer were driven to the Episcopal Mission at St. James and exchanged for does. The mission used the bucks for food and draft purposes, but the account does not mention the does' fates. Another version states that the deer were delivered to several local missions which loaned animals to rescue whalers stranded in the Arctic Ocean near Point Barrow in the fall of 1897.

Meanwhile Jackson's Teller Station training program continued. After a slow start, more Eskimos wanted to participate. Within a few years, the program was ruined by its own success. The Eskimos traditionally lived close to the sea, and unlike the Lapps or Siberians, they did not like to follow the herds inland. As the number of reindeer grew, the tundra along the seashore was destroyed.

To alleviate the resulting food shortage, the United States government tried to consolidate the herds into single units for each village. Instead of private, family ownership with special markings for each owner, each native received a stock certificate. In 1928, a fire destroyed some of the records in the Reindeer Service's office, and disputes over ownership arose. Many Eskimos lost interest, killing the deer for meat, or neglecting the herds entirely. Finally, by the 1960s, the herds had shrunk nearly to the vanishing point, and Jackson's training program was only a memory.

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Muzzling the T

or How Gambling Bit the Dust

By BETTY LEAVENGOOD

On January 31, 1905, the two dozen plus saloons in Tucson, Arizona Territory, were teeming with customers. At the stroke of midnight, public gambling would become illegal, and eager players crowded the tables in a last attempt to recoup past losses. As the chimes struck midnight, a carnival band started a serenade out front of one of Tucson's most popular gambling spots, the Legal Tender saloon, regaling the crowd with "The Holy City" and several other equally inappropriate selections. The crowd spilled out into the street and gambling in Tucson was over.

How had this happened? Tucson had long been a wide-open gambling town. Saloons easily outnumbered churches. In 1884 the city directory listed twenty-four saloons and five churches. By 1905 there were a few more churches—and a few more saloons! Roulette wheels turned twenty-four hours a day, faro games went nonstop, and an eager player could always find a good stud-horse poker game.

Gambling was an accepted, even respectable, diversion in Tucson. Private First Class Will C. Barnes passed through Tucson in 1880 en route to his first assignment, Fort Apache. In his book, *Apaches and Longhorns,* published in 1891, Barnes commented on Tucson.

> To me it seemed that every other building on the business street was a saloon—every one packed with a motley crowd of men of many nationalities: teamsters, bullwhackers, soldiers, Army officers, miners, Mexicans, Indians, and common, ordinary citizens. They offered a wonderful variety of humans. In each place a number of gambling games ran steadily the twenty-four hours round. There were faro, stud-poker, keno, roulette, monte, and straight poker. Everyone was either struggling to reach the bar for a drink or trying hard to get up to one of the games.

Between the saloons, according to Barnes, were the houses of the *nymphs du pave* (ladies of the pavement). Barnes observed that the two classes of business, gambling and prostitution, were just as respectable as selling dry goods and groceries, commenting, "Certainly the faro-dealers and saloon-keepers were far and away the best dressed and most elegant males in the city."

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The Legal Tender saloon.

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iger, in Tucson

Saloon owners and gamblers were well respected in Tucson and were instrumental in forming the public school system and the University of Arizona. When Tucson School District Number 1 was created on November 18, 1867, the owner of the Wheat saloon, Augustus Brichta, became the first public schoolteacher. Tucson's second public schoolteacher, John A. Spring, was not unfamiliar with the saloon business. After mustering out of the United States Army in 1868, he bartended in Tucson and worked as a salesman and bookkeeper for A. Levin and Company, operators of the Pioneer Brewing Company. At the time the Tucson School District hired him, he was operating a brewery in Florence.

As Tucson moved to incorporate in 1871, voting in the first municipal election was light. Reasoning that voting would pick up if the polling place were moved from the courthouse to Main Street so as to be "near to refreshment," officials ordered the move. Men took a break from their games and afternoon drinks, and Sidney R. DeLong was duly chosen Tucson's first elected mayor. DeLong held the first city council meetings in the Congress Hall saloon; there, many of the first ordinances of the city of Tucson were conceived and adopted.

When Arizona Territory was reorganizing in 1885, Tucsonans protested getting the University of Arizona as their share of the pork barrel. They preferred being assigned the capital, the territorial prison, or at the very least, the insane asylum. At a town meeting to discuss the unfortunate situation, the main concern was the effect of a university on business. In a town whose main industry was saloons and gambling, the straight-laced professors might discourage trade. Yet, when time came to donate property for the new university, gamblers E.B. Gifford and Ben C. Parker and saloon owner Billy Reid jointly gave the territory the property that is today the University of Arizona.

Tucson was predominantly a single man's town. As long as that remained true, saloons and gambling would be an integral part of life there. The saloons were open twenty-four hours a day. Miners, soldiers, railroad workers, and ranchers looked forward to a night, or several nights, on the town. Saloons were not regulated until Tucson incorporated, and then they were governed solely for the purpose of raising revenue. In January 1876, Ordinance Number 15 was adopted. It stated that a license fee of ten dollars would be collected monthly "on each gaming table or apparatus of any kind whatever, such as Faro, Monte, Toss Faro, Toss Monte, Dice, Red and Black or Rouge et Noir, Lansquenette, or any Banking game of whatever name within the Corporate limits of the Village of Tucson." In addition, anyone selling wines or distilled liquors had to pay five dollars per month. At this time, the town had no thought of putting the saloons out of business.

That would change. The demise of gambling began in the 1870s as more family-oriented men moved into Tucson, bringing with them "the girl from back home." One such arrival was L.C. Hughes, who came to Tucson in 1871 for his health. His wife, Josephine, said to be the first Anglo wife in Tucson, joined him in 1873. Coming to Tucson from the

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Josephine Brawley Hughes, wife of *Arizona Daily Star* editor L.C. Hughes. Mrs. Hughes was a leader in the reform movement and organizer of the Tucson chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

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Arizona State Historical Society

The Cabinet saloon.

East was no easy feat in the 1870s. Hughes, and later Josephine, traveled by rail to San Francisco, took a steamer to San Diego, and then crossed the desert by stage into Tucson. Josephine, fearing an Apache attack, sat with a rifle across her lap the entire stage route.

What Josephine found in Tucson was not to her liking. The Tucson she came to had about 3,200 inhabitants. Water was hauled from springs or from the Santa Cruz River and sold for ten cents a bucket. Her adobe house had dirt floors and was filled with scorpions. Josephine got a flock of chickens to kill the scorpions, put wood on the floors and ordered carpet. Lastly, she sent for candles to replace the rags dipped in wax that her husband had been using for light. Thus settled, Josephine set about to right her corner of the world.

Her immediate goal was to rid the city of the saloons and gambling. She organized the Tucson chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and was instrumental in bringing prohibitionist lecturer Frances Willard to Tucson. Josephine toured the territory with Willard as she lectured on the evils of alcohol and gambling. Schoolchildren were asked to sign pledges never to drink or gamble.

Both political parties were officially evasive on the gambling issue. A large contingent of the gambling profession had been at each party's meeting and influenced the platforms. The Republican platform did not specifically denounce gambling, saying rather that the party wanted to "control vice in all forms."

Josephine's husband was equally reform minded. Hughes, a staunch Republican, started the *Arizona Daily Star* in 1879 and became one of the first crusading editors to attempt to tame the West. He did not accept advertisements for saloons or liquor in his newspaper. Hughes focused on closing the saloons, eliminating gambling, banning liquor from military posts, and forbidding the carrying of weapons. All this in a wide open frontier town.

By the turn of the century many of the town leaders opposed gambling. Ministers lectured from their pulpits. In melodramas the forces of good always triumphed over the evils of gambling and alcohol. The *Star*'s competition was the afternoon *Tucson Citizen,* whose editor, O'Brien Moore, was a strong supporter of the Democratic Party. The editors of both newspapers were against gambling and urged eliminating the "tiger"—a reference to faro, one of the most popular forms of gambling. The original card decks used to play faro had the face of a tiger on the ace of spades. Saloons featuring faro often advertised with posters showing the face of a tiger.

Until 1904, restrictions on gambling remained minimal. In 1881 the licensing fees were raised, and in 1883 an ordinance prohibited the sale of liquor to minors and banned minors from the saloons between the hours of 9:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. Limitations were placed on where a saloon could be located, but for the most part gambling was wide open.

As the December 12, 1904, mayoral election drew near, both the *Star* and the *Citizen* discussed at length the evils of gambling. On November 30, 1904, *Citizen* editor Moore wrote, "Public gam-

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bling is a menace to society. It tempts the boy; it ruins the man; it makes women and children desolate; it is a recruiting agent for the penitentiaries; it is a school for criminals and a refuge for outlaws." *Star* editor Hughes urged government intervention, suggesting that the United States Congress pass legislation prohibiting gambling in the territories. If that did not occur, Hughes recommended that the Arizona territorial legislature pass such a bill. Since neither Congress nor the territorial legislature had acted, Hughes demanded that the City of Tucson outlaw, or at least strictly regulate, gambling. Both editors used the coming municipal election to focus on "muzzling the tiger."

The Republican Party was having trouble finding a mayoral candidate. The current mayor, Charles F. Schumacher, said he had been in office for four years and had enough of politics. Schumacher had lived in Tucson since 1884. He owned Union Market in partnership with his nephew, C.F. Webber, and ran a pork packing house. Schumacher went to the nominating meeting December 3, 1904, with the intention of declining the nomination. With no other candidates available, however, Schumacher was persuaded to run again.

The *Star* heralded the news with stories of the achievements during Schumacher's past two terms and promises of future accomplishments. Editor Hughes stated that, with Schumacher at the helm of city government, Tucson would not stop "her march of progress" and urged voters not to "sway horses while crossing the stream." The *Citizen,* on the other hand, greeted the announcement with "Schumacher has told us all he was weary and tired. Let us give him a rest."

When the Democrats met the next evening, December 4, to write their slate and platform, they nominated General Levi H. Manning. Manning was a wealthy and influential Tucsonan. He came to Tucson in 1881, seeking adventure after his graduation from the University of Mississippi. His first job was driving an ice truck. He quickly advanced to newspaper reporter and was soon dealing in real estate and mining. He purchased the Canoa Ranch south of Tucson, later buying adjoining ranches and leasing government land until he had more than one million acres under his control. At his Scotch Farms near Tucson he raised registered Hereford bulls and Arabian and Clydesdale horses. When he was nominated in 1893 by President Grover Cleveland to be surveyor general of Arizona Territory, he acquired a title that stayed with him the rest of his life. Always an enthusiastic supporter of Tucson, General Manning was the founding member of the Tucson Chamber of Commerce in 1896. As such he caused to be published a booklet praising Tucson, and he is credited for the beginning of tourism in Tucson. He built the first modern hotel in Tucson, the Santa Rita, which opened in 1904.

The blessedly brief campaign of not quite two weeks was on.

The *Citizen* was ecstatic with the choice of General Manning, stating, "L.H. Manning is big enough, broad-minded enough and sufficiently equipped in mentality, strength of character and foresight to be Mayor of New York, Chicago, or any of the other great cities of the country. His nomination for Mayor of Tucson, marks a new era in the history of the city. It means

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The Palace saloon.

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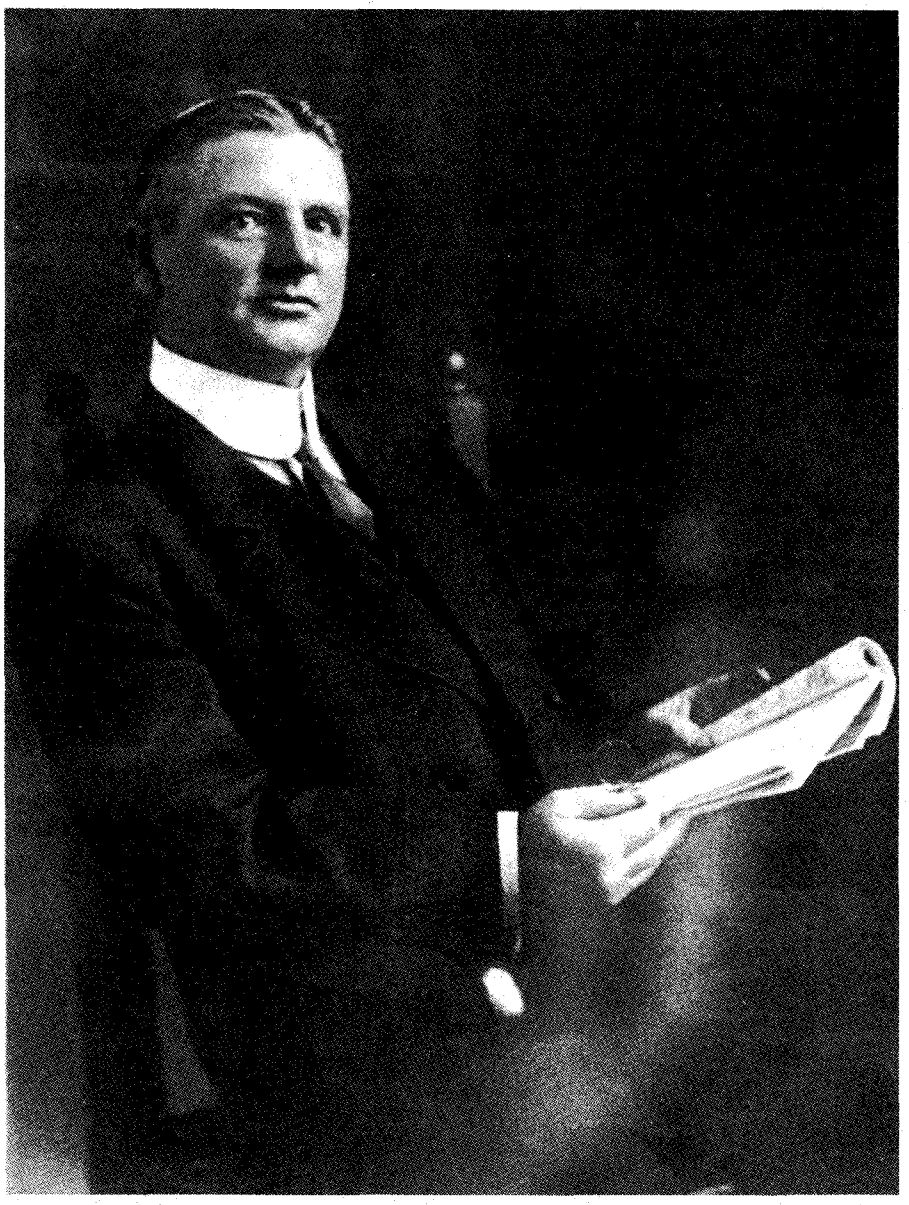

Arizona State Historical Society

Mayor Levi H. Manning, better known as "General" Manning for his term as surveyor general under President Grover Cleveland, was responsible for the elimination of gambling in Tucson in 1905.

a modern, a progressive, a greater Tucson." The fact that Editor Moore and General Manning were longtime friends may have influenced the paper's opinion. From December 5 until election day, December 12, the *Citizen* ran a banner headline across the top of its front page: "Vote for Manning and a Greater Tucson." Manning could do no wrong, according to the *Citizen.* A December 5 editorial stated, "He is a builder. He is constructive. . . . His judgment is sound. His vision is not obscured. He can see beyond the passing hour." The *Star* immediately questioned Manning's stand on gambling.

Both political parties were officially evasive on the gambling issue. A large contingent of the gambling profession had been at each party's meeting and influenced the platforms. The Republican platform did not specifically denounce gambling, saying rather that the party wanted to "control vice in all forms." The Democrats favored "a reform of public morals in our city, and any and all measures and means that will tend to promote the public good and the building up and advancement of the city and in the progress, peace and prosperity of the best interests of our people."

The saloon owners, many of them Manning's friends, assumed that, since Manning was being supported by Moore, he too was for eliminating gambling. They backed Manning's opponent, Schumacher. An angry Manning retaliated, vowing to close down gambling, regardless of his personal convictions.

General Manning moved quickly to establish his stand, running a statement in the *Citizen* on December 7. Explaining that he had been out of town and did not assist in writing the Democrat's platform, Manning said, "I believe that gambling is an evil, that it is a detriment to Tucson, and that every legitimate business in Tucson suffers because of it." He concluded his lengthy statement, "if elected mayor, I will endeavor to bring it [gambling] under proper restraint."

Hughes of the *Star* had a field day with the statement. General Manning had petitioned the city council the previous December for permission to install a roulette wheel in the Santa Rita Hotel lounge. Permission was granted, and even as Manning spoke the roulette wheel was turning in his hotel. Furthermore, as the *Star* was quick to point out, Manning was known about town as a gambler. Hughes challenged Manning to be more specific and explain what he meant by "proper restraint."

Not to be outdone, Manning replied in the December 8 *Citizen,* "In order that my views on this subject may be clearly understood I desire to say that I will use every power given me under the law and the city charter to exterminate public gambling in this city."

The *Star* was momentarily at a loss for criticism. The next morning's front page headlined Manning's reply, commenting, "Is it to be wondered at that a joint effort is pledged to hunt out and terminate that wicked old tiger?" The occasion inspired Editor Hughes to paraphrase an old limerick:

A smiling young sport from Niger,
Took a ride on a sporting old 'tiger.'
When they returned from the ride
That blooded sport was inside,
And the smile was on the face of the tiger.

The lull did not last. By December 10, Editor Hughes was questioning the intent of a "recently reformed" gambler to close all the games in town. He alluded to Manning's real estate dealings and hinted that Manning's run for mayor and opposition to gambling was an attempt by Manning's crowd, including *Citizen* editor Moore, to "throw dust in the eyes of the people as to the real issue." According to Hughes, the "real issue" was not completely clear, but when he asked one of the leading gamblers in town why he was supporting Manning, the gambler winked and said, "Wait until after the election and I will tell you."

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Republican candidate Schumacher remained out of the center of the gambling issue, never making a definitive statement. Editor Hughes pointed out, "There is not a citzen of Tucson or anyone else who ever saw Mayor Schumacher play at a gambling table of any kind at any time or place." The citizens of Tucson, he asserted, had to decide whom they preferred for mayor, "the man who publicly gambles or the man who never gambled a dollar in his life?" The *Star* encouraged voters to support Schumacher, stating that many of the municipal improvements now underway would suffer if he were not elected. That the majority of the gambling profession backed Schumacher was undoubtedly an embarrassment to Editor Hughes.

The war of words continued until election day, Monday, December 12. That day the *Citizen* reported the election had been orderly until press time, with no arrests. Tuesday's *Citizen* headlined, "Great Victory for Civic Decency." Democrat Manning won by fifty-nine votes—690 to Mayor Schumacher's 531. The *Star* was less enthusiastic, expressing cautious optimism that Manning would carry out his pledge to eliminate gambling.

Mayor Manning addressed his first city council meeting, January 2, 1905. A large crowd attended to see what he would say about gambling. In a long speech, Manning said the citzens had spoken and that it was his duty to fulfill their demands. He believed that if the City of Tucson regulated gambling, other cities and finally the territorial legislature would follow.

Two ordinances were passed, effectively "muzzling the tiger." It became unlawful to "in any manner engage in, carry on, conduct or deal within the corporate limits of the City of Tucson, any of the following gambling games, namely: Faro, pass faro, rondau, roulette, twenty-one or black-jack monte, keno, craps, red-and-black, stud-horse poker, dice, lansquinette, policy game or any other banking or percentage gambling game" without a municipal license. The license for each game was the astronomical sum of $250.00 per month, payable in advance. A second ordinance prohibited the conduct of such games "in any house, building, room, apartment, cellar, or place where any wine, beer or any other kind of intoxicating liquors are either sold, given away, dispensed or drank." The final nail in the tiger's coffin was the provision that no one could be in a location where gambling was being conducted between the hours of 10:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. Any person, player, dealer, or saloon owner found guilty of violating the ordinances was subject to a fine of not less than $100 and a jail term of not less than fifteen days. The ordinances would go into effect at midnight, January 31, 1905.

On February 1, 1905, gaming equipment was auctioned in many bars. Several of the saloons remained open without the attraction of gambling. Most closed or were converted to other businesses. The forces against gambling had won. Now those same forces would concentrate their efforts on demon rum and soon the Old West would live only in memory.

Arizona State Historical Society

The Fashion saloon.

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New Look at the Youngers

The Outlaw Youngers, A Confederate Brotherhood, by Marley Brant. (Madison Books, 4720 Boston Way, Lanham, Maryland 20706. $22.95 cloth bound.)

The story of the Younger brothers is generally well-known. It has endured because of the many facets of human drama involved: their experiences in the Civil War and with the James brothers, and their years in prison after the disastrous Northfield, Minnesota, raid.

Yet for all of their notoriety, the Youngers have usually been considered only in relation to the James brothers and not as independent men. Brant has changed that focus and treats the Youngers as their own masters. She treats the four brothers' experiences separately from Frank and Jesse James. However, the Jameses cannot rightfully be excluded, and Brant firmly deals with their influence while keeping them peripheral to the story.

Previous efforts at writing biographies of these four men have been disappointing as historians either did not research deep enough or chose to retain the emphasis on Jesse James. Marley Brant has succeeded in uncovering a wealth of new material. Her fourteen years of research have led to some surprising and valuable discoveries. Especially valuable is a collection of letters which brothers Jim and Bob wrote to loved ones while in prison; apparently no previous writer has had access to those collections. (Brant was able to research the letters only by not disclosing their present owners; that someday may change so other serious historians may use them as well.)

But all this new material would have been lessened without Brant's writing style. By profession she is a multi-media artist, writing and producing for television. She keeps the pace of the Youngers' story moving and enables the reader to become deeply involved in the human aspect of their activities. The result is not only an in-depth biographical probe but a character study of four men who have fascinated the American public for well over a century. This full-length study of the Youngers' lives is biography at its best.—*Chuck Parsons, Smiley, Texas.*

Also Worth Noting . . .

Juh, An Incredible Indian, by Dan L. Thrapp. (Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Texas 79968-0633. $10.00 paper bound.)

A reprint of the 1973 book detailing the life of Juh, an Apache chief whose combat skills Geronimo often overshadowed. Includes a new introductory essay by Thrapp.

Women's Diaries of the Westward Journey, by Lillian Schlissel. (Schocken Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022. $14.00 paper bound.)

An expanded reprint of Schlissel's 1982 compilation of diary entries by women helping settle the West. Includes many photographs and a new introduction by Schlissel.

The Fur Trade of the American West 1807–1840, by David J. Wishart. (University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588-0520. $10.95 paper bound.)

A reprint of Wishart's 1979 book that examines the commercial cycles and strategies of the American fur trade system.

Exploration of Alaska, 1865–1900, by Morgan Sherwood. (University of Alaska Press, University of Alaska Fairbanks, First Floor Gruening Building, Fairbanks, Alaska 99775-1580. $15.00 paper bound.)

A reprint of Sherwood's 1965 book, offering a historical analysis of Alaskan exploration.

The Santa Fe Trail, Yesterday and Today, by William E. Hill. (Caxton Printers, 312 Main Street, Caldwell, Idaho 83605. $12.95 paper bound.) A new book for readers wanting a cursory history of the Santa Fe Trail as well as information about places to visit along the trail today. The book features a brief "timeline" history of the trail, excerpts from trail emigrants' diaries, contemporary trail maps, many photographs and illustrations, and a list of present-day museums and displays dealing with trail history.

Guns, Gold and Glory, by Larry D. Underwood. (Media Publishing, 2444 "O" Street, Suite 202, Lincoln, Nebraska 68510. $9.95 paper bound.)

A new book of short biographies about western characters. Subjects include George Drouillard, John Colter, James Butler Hickok, Benjamin Grierson, and Charles Goodnight.

The Story of the Mine, by Charles Howard Shinn. (University of Nevada Press, Reno, Nevada 89557-0076. $12.95 paper bound.)

A reprint of the 1910 edition of Shinn's account of Nevada's Comstock Lode.

Karnee, A Paiute Narrative, by Lalla Scott. (University of Nevada Press, Reno, Nevada 89557-0076. $9.95 paper bound.)

A reprint of the 1966 edition in which Scott tells the story of Annie Lowry, a Paiute-Caucasian woman who lived with the Paiutes.

Another Side of George Bird Grinnell

Grinnell's Glacier: George Bird Grinnell and Glacier National Park, by Gerald A. Diettert. (Mountain Press Publishing Company, PO Box 2399, Missoula, Montana 59806. $10.00 paper bound.)

George Bird Grinnell is usually remembered for his pioneer Plains Indian ethnological studies. We tend to forget his other wide-ranging western interests. Paleontologist, naturalist, writer, explorer, sportsman, rancher, and conservationist, he was very much a part of the western scene during the last three decades of the nineteenth century and the first three of the twentieth.

The central focus of this book, as the title states, is on Grinnell's connection with that fascinating area of northern Montana comprising Glacier National Park. The author mentions Grinnell's other western interests primarily as they relate to the book's main theme. Grinnell first visited the area on a hunting expedition in 1885. At the time the

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region was still part of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation and practically unknown to outsiders. Grinnell was instantly captivated by that rugged country and over the next twenty years returned to hunt and to explore as often as possible. On foot or on horseback he investigated and mapped nearly the entire region. Many major geographic features in the park still bear the names he gave them, while two mountains, two lakes, a glacier, and a waterfall bear his name. During that period he also became the friend, trusted advisor, and protector of the Blackfoot Indians.

As the book progresses, the reader explores the area with Grinnell while watching the transformation of the trophy-hunting scientist into the avid conservationist. Through his writings, lobbying, and political influence, Grinnell played a major role both in preventing the exploitation of the resources of Yellowstone National Park and in establishing Glacier National Park. The author also brings home Grinnell's ambivalence about the changes that would occur when this area, for which he had such a strong personal attachment, was opened to the public. That is not unlike current controversies over the use of wilderness areas.

This is Gerald A. Diettert's first historical book. A retired cardiologist, he recently completed an MA degree in history at the University of Montana. While the book is based on his thesis, there is nothing pedantic about it. It is unobtrusively well-documented and is smooth and easy reading. The author refers "those few readers who would like verification, paragraph by paragraph" to his thesis. The book is well illustrated with photographs and line drawings. Also included are an excellent bibliography of published and unpublished sources and a complete listing of Grinnell's books. A clear, small-scale map of Glacier National Park in the front of the book makes it convenient to trace Grinnell's explorations and to locate the various physical features mentioned in the text. The general reader and those particularly interested in the history of public policy will find this book both interesting and informative—*Murray L. Carroll, Anacortes, Washington.*

Struggle for the West

Tough Times in Rough Places, edited by Neil Carmony and David Brown. (High Lonesome Books, PO Box 878, Silver City, New Mexico 88062. $12.95 paper bound.)

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massacre of Texas patriots at Goliad and the last old-style cavalry engagement of Pancho Villa's Columbus, New Mexico, raid fully capture the magnificent struggle to "tame" the West. Accurate journals and memoirs of migration, exploration, prospecting, and fighting offer intriguing insights into the confrontations of man-against-man and man-against-nature.

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Wyoming Woman Writer

The Adventures of The Woman Homesteader: The Life and Letters of Elinore Pruitt Stewart, by Susanne K. George. (The University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588-0520. $25.00 cloth bound.)

Elinore Pruitt Stewart's *Letters of a Woman Homesteader* is the classic account of the feminine role in the homesteading experience, familiar to and treasured by all students of the life and literature of the American West. But it has been generally assumed that Stewart wrote almost ingenuously, with no thought of publication or of posterity. In this absorbing book, Susanne K. George demonstrates that quite the opposite is true. Stewart wrote for publication and for pay, embroidered her facts with fiction to make her writing more appealing, and suffered the disappointment of rejection familiar to most authors: her novel was never published.

This book is in large part a collection of unpublished or little-known writings, with a preface and an afterword by George, who edited the letters and arranged them in chronological order as much as possible, interweaving her own interpretive comments.

Stewart may well have begun her correspondence simply to enliven the life of

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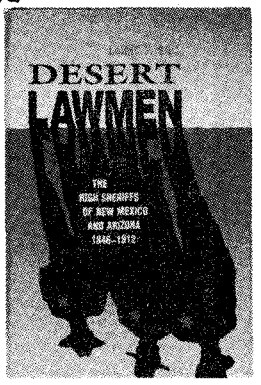
Juliet Coney, the elderly and frail woman for whom she had worked in Denver. Writing of life on the Stewart ranch in southeastern Wyoming, she embellished the truth to bring more life to an invalid. It was probably Mrs. Coney who brought the letters to the attention of Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Sedgwick published the letters in a series from October 1913 through April 1914.

The letters were so well received by a public eager to know about its frontier that *Atlantic Monthly* asked for more. The result was *Letters on an Elk Hunt* written specifically for publication. Her audience, George points out, was now "The Public."

Her career blossomed between 1914 and 1919, when household and ranching duties left her little time for writing. Only three stories were published between 1919 and her death in 1932 at the age of fifty-five. George suggests that Stewart was ready to return to her writing and death cut short a promising literary career.

The collected letters and other writings in this book reveal a woman of boundless enthusiasm and energy who seemed to take on every obstacle life handed her with determination and good humor. The threads running through her life were nature, which she found comforting; gardening, which she found relaxing; and a strong faith, which she based on an eclectic religion of her own. Believing she could best fight depression by helping others, she attracted such strays as the gentleman she met on a mountain walk who was about to commit suicide or her other longtime correspondents—the housebound Miss Maria Wood of Lexington, Missouri, who first wrote Stewart in response to an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, or the blind Mr. Zaiss who lived on Cape Cod and had written Stewart's books in braille. She was adventurous, traveling over perilous roads with her children between Wyoming ranch and Boulder, Colorado, where the family lived while the children were in school. And she was playful, often joking about her Scottish husband, whom she called "the mon."

The Adventures of The Woman Homesteader enlarges our understanding of Elinore Pruitt Stewart, making her a multidimensional being with many facets beyond that of homesteader. A good selection of photographs rounds out the new picture of this fascinating woman.—*Judy Alter, Fort Worth, Texas.*



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Albert Jennings Fountain vs. B.F. Williams

—December 7, 1870; El Paso, Texas—

By BILL O'NEAL

A bloody melee in 1870 previewed El Paso's lethal future as a gunfighter haven during the 1880s and 1890s. The most notable participant of the 1870 fracas was Albert Jennings Fountain, who exhibited extraordinary courage despite being wounded.

Born October 23, 1838, at Staten Island, New York, Albert Jennings (he later added Fountain to his name) traveled abroad extensively as a youth before settling in California in the 1850s. In 1859 he became a journalist for the Sacramento *Union* and covered William Walker's filibustering activities in Latin America. During the Civil War, Fountain joined the First California Infantry Volunteers, and in 1862 he went to New Mexico as a member of Carleton's California Column. In Mesilla he married fourteen-year-old Mariana Perez, who eventually bore him a dozen children.

When the war ended, Fountain organized a militia company to fight Indians, and he was severely wounded in an 1865 skirmish. So he moved to nearby El Paso, where he became a deputy collector of customs, county surveyor, and attorney, with time out to fight in Mexico with Benito Juarez as a colonel of artillery. Elected to the Texas senate in 1868, he soon was selected president of that body. Governor E.J. Davis also appointed him brigadier general of the Texas State Police.

But the upwardly mobile politico was forced to demonstrate his mettle as a frontiersman in the sudden violence of a saloon fight. On Wednesday, December 7, 1870, a lawyer named B.F. Williams began berating Fountain and District Judge Gaylord Judd Clarke in Ben Dowell's El Paso saloon. When Williams angrily brandished a revolver, Fountain, although armed only with a cane, charged his adversary.

Williams warded off the stick and triggered three shots, then darted out the back door while Fountain staggered to his home nearby. One slug had struck his left arm, one had gouged out a bloody but superficial scalp wound, and another had slammed into his breast, tearing through five letters in his pocket, and finally being deflected by his watch.

Major Albert Jennings Fountain with his staff, early 1880s. Standing left to right: Lieutenant Pedragon, Lieutenant Fountain, and Lieutenant Botello; seated: Captain Van Patton, Major Fountain, and Captain Salazar.

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Ignoring his pleading wife, Fountain wiped blood from his face with a towel, seized a rifle, and stalked back outside. In the street Williams was pursuing Judge Clarke with a shotgun. Williams' first load of buckshot missed, but a moment later, the second blast struck Clarke a mortal wound in the chest.

At that point Fountain felled Williams with a round from fifty yards. Williams rolled over and groped for his pistol, but Captain A.H. French of the Texas State Police dashed in and finished him with a bullet in the head.

In 1875 Fountain moved back to New Mexico. He was a colorful and controversial lawyer, and at different times served as an assistant United States district attorney and as a member of the New Mexico house of representatives. On occasion he led Mexican supporters (who were derisively termed "Fountain's Greasers" by Anglos) against outlaw gangs and marauding Apaches.

In March 1883 Fountain and his son Albert picked up three fugitives from Texas Rangers in El Paso. On the train ride back to New Mexico, Doroteo Saenz attempted an escape. He jumped young Albert and threw him off the train as the cars slowed approaching Canutillo, Texas.

The senior Fountain was visiting friends elsewhere on the train, and upon sighting the commotion he jumped to the ground. His revolver slipped out of his holster. In El Paso, Ranger Captain John R. Baylor had loaned Fountain a cord to attach to his weapon. Fountain retrieved the gun and dropped to one knee.

Saenz was running for mesquite thickets which lined the Rio Grande. As he topped a small hill Fountain sky-lined him and fired four shots. Saenz fell, fatally wounded, and the engineer backed up the train to take on the body.

In the late 1880s Fountain entered a bitter power struggle with Albert B. Fall, who in time became secretary of the interior and a key villain in the Teapot Dome scandal. Fountain and Fall first duelled through opposing newspapers, but soon the feud grew violent. In 1896 Fountain and his youngest child, nine-year-old Henry, disappeared in the White Sands while returning to Mesilla, creating one of the great mysteries of the Southwest. They were presumed murdered, but their bodies were never found. An extensive manhunt and subsequent court proceedings failed to reveal the killers, and the subject remained obscure and dangerous to discuss.

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Trails Grown Dim

Apodaca

I am seeking information on my lost kin who may have settled in New Mexico before 1915. My father, Eusebio S. Apodaca, settled in El Paso, Texas, at age seventeen and traveled often to Chihuahua, Mexico. His older brothers and my father lost track of each other.—**Lucia Apodaca Martin, 25 East Atchison Street, Fresno, California 93706.**

White-McCormick

I am seeking information on my great-grandparents, John White and Hester Jane "Hettie" McCormick. They were married June 3, 1866, in Arkansas County, Arkansas, and had one child, George Prentice "Ponto" White, born 1869.

Hettie died about 1874 when they were moving to Texas. Ponto was raised by his mother's sister, Margaret McCormick and her husband, George, in Georgetown, Texas. I am particularly interested in knowing what became of John White and who was with him and Hester when they came to Texas.—**Ed L. Walker, 13705 Vista Oaks Drive, Leander, Texas 78641.**

Frazee-Love

I need help to find any descendants of William Henry Frazee, who married Elizabeth A. Love at Laramie, Wyoming, on April 28, 1880. Their children were John L. Frazee, born April 2, 1881; William H., March 25, 1882; Charles S., April 5, 1884; Matilda M., March 28, 1886; Venus E., June 6, 1888; George E., July 22, 1890; Howard M., December 14, 1893; Shirley E., July 3, 1897.

Elizabeth Love's brothers and sisters were Robert, born May 9, 1849; Alexander, July 10, 1850; John, January 1, 1852; Thomas, April 13, 1856; Elizabeth, April 28, 1858; James, September 7, 1861; and Robert, March 17, 1863. (The first son died, so another son was given the same name.)—**Milan I. Pakes, 3724 Meier Street, Los Angeles, California 90066.**

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A Fatal Cup of Coffee

By KEN HODGSON

Old-timers tell how in the turbulent days of the Old West fatal arguments erupted over such matters as the color of a man's shirt, the brand on a horse, or the ownership of a mining claim. Perhaps the most unusual cause for a deadly encounter occurred the morning of June 15, 1890, at the Empire Mining Camp two miles north of Chloride, Mohave County, Arizona Territory.

On that morning two hardcases fought over a remark about the quality of a cup of coffee served at the mine boarding house. By the time the smoke from their weapons drifted away on the morning breeze, one lay dead. His antagonist, mortally wounded, kicked off this mortal coil the following day

Presley Brown and his wife, a couple in their early thirties, were employed at the Empire Mine—a property described in a Kingman newspaper at that time as the "Bonanza of Arizona now. Four feet of ore (silver and gold) that looks good enough to eat and rich enough so that one ton would make a pretty good stake." Brown worked as a miner and his wife as camp cook. Ed H. Jones was the mine foreman.

Brown had been in Mohave County three or four years and was not considered disagreeable when sober, although he had been the cause of four shooting scrapes at his residence in the county. He was about thirty-four years old and a native of Michigan.

Ed H. Jones had arrived in Mohave County about five years before the shooting. He was quarrelsome, continually in trouble with his fellow workmen, always ready to fight on the slightest provocation. He was a native of Maryland and about thirty-six years old.

On the morning of the affair, at the breakfast table, Jones criticized the coffee and upbraided Mrs. Brown for not making a better beverage. Presley Brown took exception to the complaint, and Jones discharged both Presley and his wife. Jones ordered them from the property and they agreed to leave as soon as they could secure horses.

An Indian went to find horses. While waiting for the animals, Brown went to the upper dump at the mine and engaged in good-natured banter with the men working there. Referring to an accident that had occurred on the night shift, he remarked, "It was lucky that the bucket broke at the bottom of the shaft, as Ramsey McCall would have been killed or hurt had it broken near the top."

Jones, who heard the remark, accused Brown of criticizing his work. Although Brown protested that such was not the case, Jones grew angry. Pulling his pistol, he ordered Brown to leave the dump, cursing him and calling him all the vile names he could think of. Brown started down the dump. Jones followed, pistol still in his hand.

Infuriated, Jones picked up a short drill steel with his left hand. He overtook Brown and struck at him with the drill a number of times but missed.

After following the discharged miner some distance, Jones returned to the dump and resumed his work, talking to himself all the while, still keeping his pistol in his hand. A few minutes later he suddenly left the dump and hurried to the house where Brown had gone after being driven from the dump. Jones

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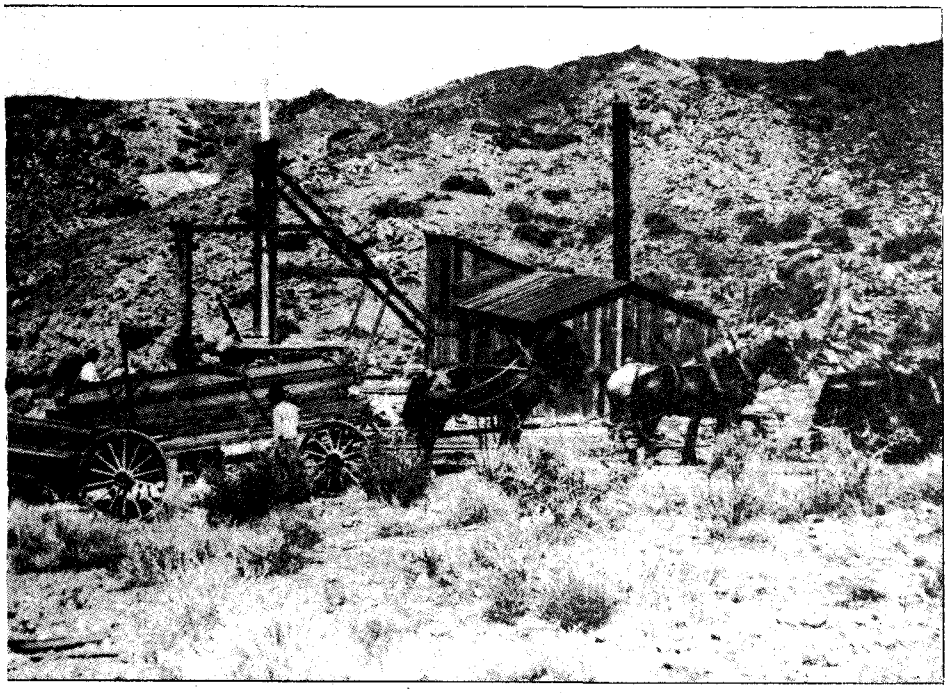

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The Empire Mine was only one of many isolated mine camps in early day Arizona. The boarding house where the gunfight occurred is in the canyon below the mine, hidden from view by the freight wagon.

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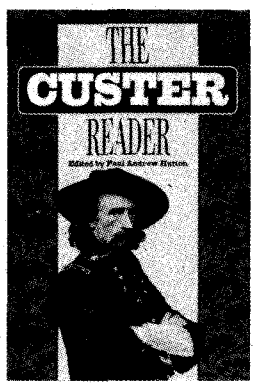

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Today a crumbling fireplace and rock walls are all that mark the mine boarding house

stormed through the front door with his pistol ready for action. Brown met him at the door between the dining room and the kitchen, and the shooting erupted.

Each man fired one shot. Jones was hit in the right side of the neck, Brown just to the left of the pit of the stomach.

Jones ran out of the front door and got about twenty feet from the house before he fell. He left a trail of blood. Brown ran around the house and fell.

On hearing the shot (or shots, for at a distance of 300 feet they could not hear distinctly whether one or two shots had been fired), the men working on the dump ran to the house. Jones was dead and Brown believed to be dying.

A messenger was immediately dispatched to Kingman for Dr. Livingston and E.F. Thompson, the owner of the Empire Mine. They arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon. Livingston said Brown's wound was not necessarily fatal. The unfortunate man was taken to the residence of J.P. Flannigan at Chloride, where everything possible was done to save him. After suffering great pain Friday night he failed rapidly and died about ten o'clock Saturday morning.

Coroner C.M. Funston held an inquest Friday evening on the body of Ed H. Jones. The coroner's jury heard testimony of Mrs. Brown, the only witness who knew the circumstances of the af-

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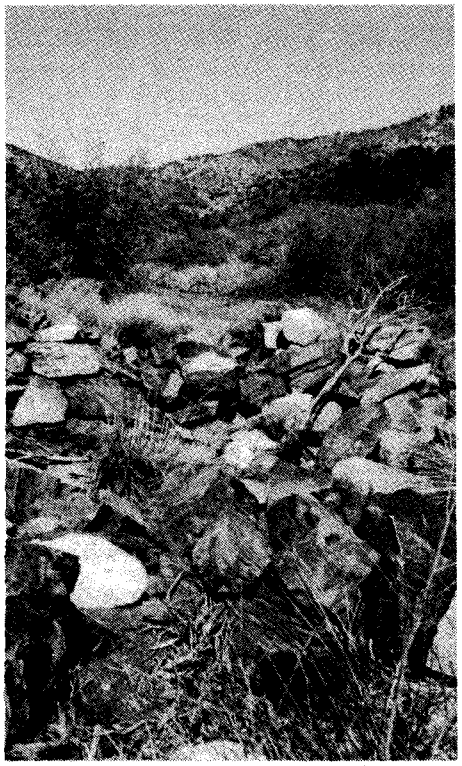

Author's Photo

where Mrs. Brown served her controversial coffee.

fair. After hearing the evidence the jury returned a verdict of justifiable killing.

The pistol Jones used was a five-shot, .38 caliber revolver. After the shooting three shots remained in the gun. It was supposed to be the only serviceable firearm on the place. Brown used an old muzzle-loading shotgun which had been left standing outside the kitchen door by the Indian who had gone to hunt the horses. Brown probably did not know the gun was on the place until a minute before the shooting.

Presley Brown was buried at Mineral Park on the evening of his death. His funeral was largely attended. Mrs. Brown immediately moved to Mineral Park.

Jones was buried the evening after he died, near the Empire Mine according to his request to property owner E.F. Thompson several months before his death.

The *Mohave Miner* reported all of the details of this tragic incident in its June 21, 1890, edition. The article concluded "The shooting affair and its fatal consequences is deeply regretted by the friends of both parties." Whether Mrs. Brown's coffee were so bad that it merited a double killing remains a mystery to this day.

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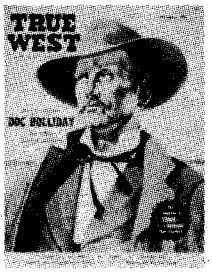

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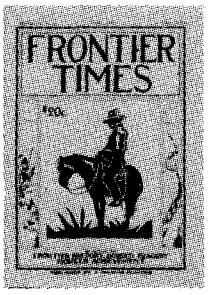

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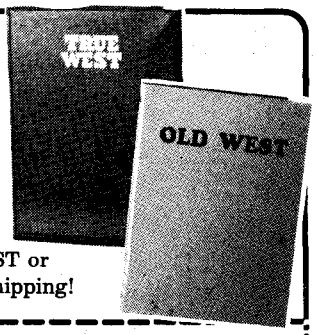

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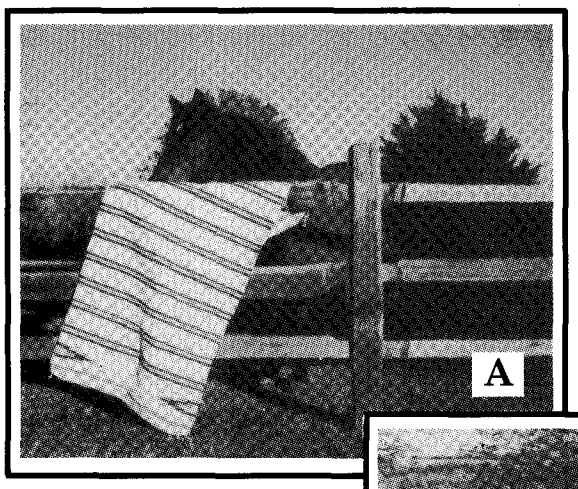

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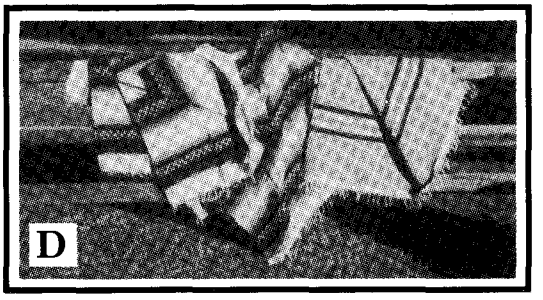

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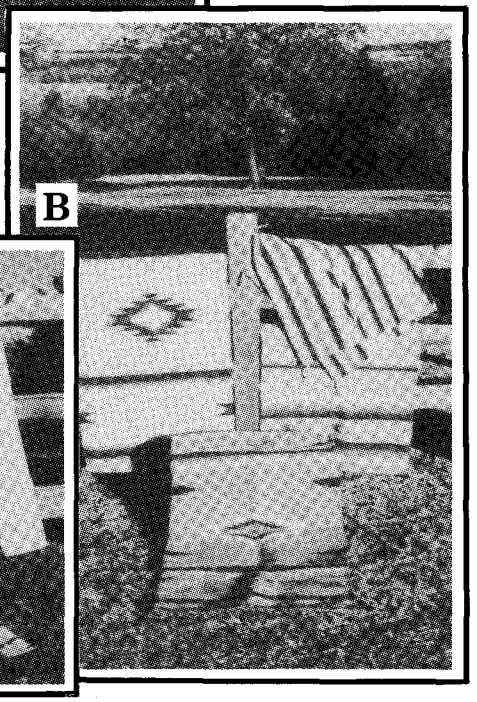

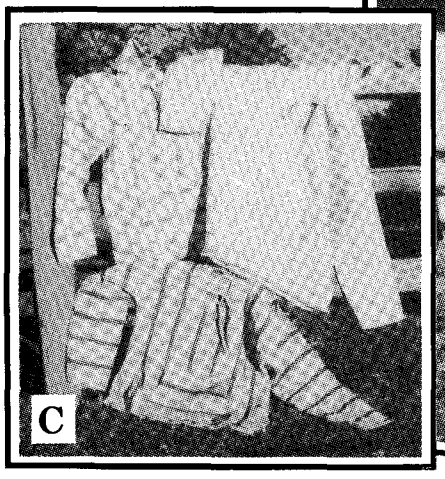

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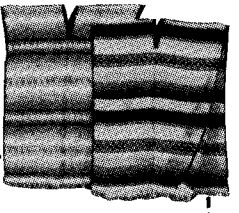

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